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FOR EVER.

BY J. C. MCC.

For ever !—oft how lightly spoken !
Softly breathed by lips we love :
Words that tell of faith unbroken,
Changeless as the stars above.
But, alas ! those links must sever,
Which we fondly hope will last ;
And our hearts confess, for ever
All our joy on earth is past.

For ever !—what a world of feeling
Lies within those simple words—
To the raptured soul revealing
All that life of bliss affords.
But, alas ! e'en while they linger
On the lips we hold so dear,
Fate doth lift her warning finger,
Teaching us that change is near.

For ever !—'tis a dream of heaven !
Such as none on earth can know,
For true happiness is given
Not to any here below.
But beyond this world of sighing
Realms there are of peace and rest,
Where in joy and love undying
We for ever shall be blest.

ALONG THE LINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE SEA" "UNDER WILD SKIES" ETC, ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I SHOULDN'T dislike being an engine driver," I thought to myself, as I leaned my arms on the rail outside the door of the signal-box.

"What a tool I was not to go in for it, instead of settling down into this machine-like life! Rush and dash along on a fast train, day after day—what a life!"

Then, as the train came nearer, I got thinking, about how exciting it would be to drive a fast mail in the night.

And as I learned there, staring at the round end of the coming engine, it seemed to exercise quite a fascination on me, holding me like, so that I felt I couldn't stir; and I seemed to realize how it was that poor fellows on the line were sometimes cut to pieces, not being able to get out of the way, even when they saw a train coming close upon them.

It was now about a couple of hundred yards away; and in another minute it would be turned off the rails it was on, and sweep away to the left, leaving the line free for the mineral to back on to it, drop a truck or two, and then go on its own way after it, slowly.

I do not know how it was, or what it was induced me to move.

I only know that I was leaning there on that rail, fascinated like by that train, when something seemed to urge me to look through the window into the signal-box, when, with the rush and roar of the train in my ears, I seemed to give a hoarse cry, and leap in through the open window to seize one of the iron levers.

It was all like a dream, and as if I was acting without being controlled.

There was a horrible buzzing in my ears, and the noise of the passing train was like thunder; and I had caught and dragged at that iron bar, wrenching it down as the train thundered by.

Then the knowledge that, if I had not caught it in time the whole freight of passengers would have been dashed a wreck against the hind part of the standing mineral trucks, turned me sick.

I caught at James Gummer, as he rose in a scared, sleepy way from the floor; and then I fell heavily, with everything a blank.

It was the whistling of the mineral engine that seemed to rouse me, and I sat up on the floor, feeling sick and strange, to see James Gummer busy with point and signal lever, letting the mineral on to the regular line. Five minutes after, he was at liberty, standing staring, in a pitiful, helpless way, at me.

We neither of us spoke for a few moments and then it was I.

You were asleep, Jem," I said.

He moved from one foot to the other, and his face was ghastly white while he picked at his buttons with his nervous fingers.

"Another moment and if I hadn't come there would have been as horrid a pitch-in as there's ever been on this line."

"I wasn't asleep, John Black. I—"

"Don't shuffle out of it with a falsehood," I cried, half beside myself with rage.

"You were asleep. I saw you lying there as I looked through the window. Heavens, it was little less than a miracle that I did!"

"Don't split on me, John Black. Don't—don't, for Heaven's sake split on me! If Tod hears of it he'll report it, and I'm ruined for life," he cried, wringing his hands.

"I was asleep—fast asleep; but I couldn't help it—I couldn't on my word. If my own life depended on it, John Black, I couldn't have helped it."

"Your life!" I said bitterly—"why, there were the lives of a hundred people depending on it."

"Yes, yes—I know," he said, crying like a child; "but I had been fighting against it with all my might. I'd walked about, beat myself, washed my face, smoked, done everything I could, mate, but the feeling was too much for me. You'll have it yourself some day, and then you'll know."

"I do know," I said, "but I've always fought it down."

"The hours are too long, mate—they are indeed," groaned the poor fellow. "You know they are. Here I was, regularly beat out; and I tell you, mate, I dropped asleep almost without knowing it. Once I meant to lie down for ten minutes, and then get up but I wouldn't do that; and when at last I sat down with my face against the cold iron levers, I suppose the sleep overcame me."

"You are a pretty fellow to trust with such a duty," I said, contemptuously.

"Don't be hard on me, John Black," he said meekly.

"You can hold up against the drowsiness I dare say; but some time or other, when you've had extra duty, or are not so strong, or been troubled with anxiety, you may give way. You won't report me though."

"I must," I said—"how can I help it?"

"Don't—pray, don't," he said throwing himself on his knees to me. "I've a wife and six little ones, John Black, and if you report me you take the bread out of their mouths.

"You know Tod will show no mercy; and as to the board, I shall be a marked man."

"But the public safety," I replied speaking hard, but feeling as soft as a woman.

"It will be a bitter lesson to me for life, John Black," he said, getting hold of my hand; "you can't think what I felt then. If there had been an accident, John Black, I should have gone and hung myself; for I could never have faced the world."

"But you'd left your poor wife and children to face it, you mean scoundrel, you," I cried savagely, for I was angry with myself for being so weak.

"There, go home and get your breakfast, Jem."

"And you won't report me?"

"No," I said, shortly.

I sha'n't forget the grateful look of joy he gave me as I turned away from him thinking of his words, and wondering whether I ever should be taken with that very same horrible drowsiness that is so hard to fight against.

* * * * * *

It was a nasty unlucky day that—one of those when, as the saying is, it never rains but it pours.

I did not hear Miss Lint come, for I was intent upon my work; but I looked up suddenly, to see that she was there; and as she sat up stiffly in her seat it seemed to me that she had a nasty malignant look upon her face, and it wearied me so, and made me feel so nervous that I was afraid of making some mistake with my trains.

Bell's words kept buzzing in my ears, too, and troubled me more than I can explain; so that at last it was with a feeling of thankfulness that I saw the trains pass in safety, and the old lady wake up her coachman and go, leaving me quite fidgety about her next coming—so much so, that I felt as if my nerves must be quite out of order; and I told myself that, if this was going on, I should soon be unfit to do my work.

As I said, it never rains but it pours, and the whole afternoon I was worried with thoughts about James Gummer, and how I ought to have reported his behavior.

It seemed now that, by sparing him I had taken the responsibility of any accident that might happen; and I felt that in the future I should never know a moment's peace of mind, troubled as I should be about the state of affairs in the signal-box when I was not there.

Towards evening I was busy, when I heard a mild, deprecatory kind of cough outside; but I took no notice, though I knew it was Ned Hassall.

Directly after, there came a rap against the boarded sides, as of some one having thrown up a stone, and I looked out.

He had come up to tell me that he was ready to go to his new lodgings at any moment, and he ended by wanting to borrow a shilling to get brandy.

I would not give it him, though, for I meant him to get used to going without money; so I wrote a line to Mrs. Bell telling her to give him brandy, and then I watched the poor, abject-looking creature as he shuffled along, wondering how it was possible that a man could ever become so changed.

My worst trouble, though, came that night towards ten, when I was getting very tired; though I had a couple of hours more before Gummer came to relieve me.

I was watching the needle on one of the telegraph dials, which told me to expect a message in five minutes, when there was the light of a lantern flashed up against one of my windows, which meant some one coming along the line from the station.

I looked out to see that it was as black as pitch; but I knew from the walk of the dark figure who it was, and I leaned out to speak. "What is it, Bell?" I said.

"Old game," he said with a laugh. "Tod says the number four points want greasing, and he sent me to do it."

"Might have waited till morning," I said quickly.

"So I thought," replied Bell.

"He didn't come and tell me till five minutes before it was time for me to go off duty. Never mind, soon be done."

He trudged off amongst the lines which run about in all directions between my box and the station, and I saw his lantern go bobbing about, when a click from the telegraph dial took my attention, and they sent on word from Beamish that a light engine was coming through.

I made all right for it with signals and points, and began to look out for its lights, seeing them at last like tiny fire-points, which grew larger and larger as the light engine—that is, one, you know, without a train—spun over the ground at a tremendous rate.

Just at that moment I dropped my eyes, to see a faint yellow glare in about the darkest part of the line between me and the station.

"What in the world is that?" I muttered.

I knew the next moment for I had forgotten.

It was poor Bell, busy greasing the points; and the chances were that he would not hear the light engine, which would pass over the very part where he was at work.

I ran down with my heart beating fast, for the train was close at hand.

"Bell, look out!" I shouted, for he was fifty yards away from me along the line; and almost at the same moment I tripped over somebody lying on the ground apparently along the line upon which the train was coming.

A strange feeling flashed across me on the instant, as I gathered myself up, and caught hold of the figure, which struggled to free itself, as I dragged it from the line. It was either Gummer, who had mistrusted me, and was going to try and make an end of himself; or else it was Ned Hassall, mad with drink.

All this took but moments to occur in, and as I mastered whoever it was for the time being, with a wild shriek the light engine flew by at a tremendous rate, and as it did so, I saw the light on ahead dashed out, there was the most horrible scrunching noise you could imagine, and I gave quite a groan as I loosed my hold of the dark figure, and ran towords wherepoor Bell had been knocked down.

"It's all that scoundrel Tod's fault!" I exclaimed, half aloud, as I stumbled on along the line; and in those few brief momens I saw right on ahead—how I must bear the news to the poor fellow's wife, attend the inquest, and now at once become prime mover in a horrible task, at the very thoughts of which my blood seemed to curdle.

* * * * * *

I ran on with my heart beating painfully and the danger signal that I ought to have put on after the passing of the engine, and the telegraphic message I ought to have sent, both neglected.

"Poor Bell!" I groaned to myself, as I nearly fell over a point rod, "it's hard to—"

I stopped short, for I almost ran up against a dark figure which seemed to start up in my way.

"That you, John Black?" it said.

"Bell!" I exclaimed, joyfully, catching his hand.

"I say, that was near, wasn't it?" he exclaimed, with a low chuckle.

"Near?" I said—"I thought you were killed."

"Not I," he said; "I've grown too cunning. I never heard it coming, through."

"Thank goodness, Bell! I was—there, I won't say any more," I cried, half hysterically, as I wrung his hand.

"I did about to you; how was it?"

"Why, it come upon me like a flash. I was stooping about over the points, with the lantern set close by me, when I suddenly saw the lights, and down I went."

"Down you went?"

"Yes, chucked myself flat on my face," he said, laughing.

"That comes o' being used to it," he added, with pride in his tone. "Some chaps would have been killed."

Then, what was that horrible scrunch I heard?"

"That—that—" chuckled Bell—"that theer was the lantern. The wheels went right over it; and my!—there will be such a row when Tod comes to know—he'll report it."

"Report!" I said angrily—"he'd no business to set you such a task on a dark night."

"Ah, he's master like, you know," said Bell, good-humoredly.

"But, I say, I wonder what's come o' that lantern."

"Curse the lantern," I said bitterly.

"There go home, Bell—never mind it to-night."

"But the grease box is gone too," he said feeling about in the dark.

"Lor a-mussy!—what a row there will be! Here's the box, all knocked into matches and three pun o' fresh grease spread all over the line like butter. Well, what's done can't be undone, can it, eh?"

"No," I said.

"There, go home!"

And we parted; but I suddenly recollected the man I had found on the line, and I called Bell back.

"Go and see if Mr. Hassall is at your place," I said; "and come back and tell me."

He ran off, and I hurried back to my box to set my signal—red light danger—and telegraph on to the next station why I had not sent vord before of the passing of the light engine.

Soon after, Bell came back, out of breath with running, and his message satisfied me as to whom I had encountered; though I had felt pretty sure, for on thinking, I knew it could not have been Gummer.

"Mr. Hassall's sitting in the front room," reported Bell; "looks very queer, and got a cut on his forehead."

"All right Bell," I said, "I shall be back at twelve. Don't let him be out of your sight till I come."

"Right!" said Pell, shortly.

He left me then to my thoughts—not pleasant ones, for I knew that I had a terrible task on my hands; and I felt that I would have given five years of my life never to have seen Ned Hassall, and, after the mischief that we had done for him not to have found out my wooden penitentiary by the G. U. R. line.

I never remember the time seeming so long as it did that night before Gummer came.

Every sound I heard made me start; for I fancied it was Ned Hassall escaped from Bell's surveillance, and come down once more to the line, to try and make an end of himself.

I got thinking of that till I was worked up into a regular nervous state of trepidation; and if ever man was unfit to have the charge of signals and points, on the accuracy of which depended human lives, I was that man.

Why, I was so nervous that, over and over again, I forgot whether I had set a signal or sent a message, and did some again and again, to see if they were correct; while I nearly forgot others, and had to keep referring to my instructions.

You see, for reasons that may be made known to you by and by, I felt that I was to extent answerable for Ned Hassall; and now in particular, after I had undertaken to cure him, and had persuaded him to give himself up to my care, I considered that my responsibility was wonderfully increased.

I made sure that it was twelve o'clock a dozen times over before I heard an unmistakable footstep on the ballast, and with heart beating, I rushed out, half jumped down the ladder, and caught some one by the shoulder, feeling sure that it was Ned.

"What's the matter?" said Gummer.

"Anything wrong?"

"No, no," I said, huskily. "I had a man trespassing on the line to-night, and I half thought it was he again."

"Oh, you've had him, have you, Mr. Black?" he said, following me in the box.

"Yes.

"What do you mean? Have you had anybody?" I exclaimed.

"Well, yes," he said, thoughtfully. "I should think every evening that I've been on duty.

"Perhaps he thought I was on only to-night," he added, meaningly.

"Why do you say that?" I asked though I knew what he would answer.

"Well, I suppose you know who it was?" he replied; "and of course, he wouldn't come when you were on duty, for fear you should see him, Mr. Black. I don't want to pry into other people's business, and I don't want to push myself forward.

"Whether he's your brother or whether he ain't, as people says, ain't my concern: but if I was you, I should keep a sharp eye on him."

"Tell me what you have seen," I said, hoarsely.

"Only him coming and trespassing on the line, and watching the trains in a queer sort of way, as if he wanted to lay his head on the rail, and make an end of himself, but could not make up his mind to it. Sometimes he's got quite excited as he saw a train coming, like as if he was ready to spring at it.

"Drink, Mr. Black, drink! It's what that there writer said about fire or water—I aint sure which—a very good servant but a bad master."

"Good night, Gummer," I said, turning away.

"If you see him on the line again, seize hold of him directly."

"He's too artful—he won't stop."

"Well, keep him off," I said, turning away.

"I'm afraid he has a nasty attack threatening."

"Good night, Mr. Black," said Gummer. And then, as I turned to the door he ran after me, and caught my hand in his. "I sha'n't forget your kindness, John Black—I sha'n't indeed, and I hope you may never be overcome as I was."

I shook hands heartily, and hurried away with his words ringing in my ears in a very unpleasant fashion; but they were put out of my head directly by the thoughts of Ned Hassall, and I got thinking as to whether it would be wise of me to go on with my plans.

As I got up to the cottage, I felt that all must depend on the state in which I found him.

He was sitting very quietly by Mrs. Bell's fireside, and he gave a nod and a smile.

"Began to think you very late, John he said.

"One of my late nights," I answered sitting down to the little supper left out for me, while Bell went off to bed. "How are you?" I continued.

"Better—much better," he said, eagerly. "I had a bit of a fall to-night, and cut my forehead"—here he touched the place. "It bled a little and I've felt easier since. Just a little taste of brandy, John."

I looked at him, and then, with my promise in mind, and a strange feeling of doubt troubling me,—I got out the spirit bottle and filled a wine glass, when, as usual, he poured the liquor down his throat—I can't call it drinking it—and then gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"I shall have to go on with it now," I said to myself—"risk or no risk. If I don't give it him, he'll get it. If he gets it for himself he'll grow worse; while if I keep it up, I may be the means of curing him. I'll risk it."

I sat down opposite to him, and looked him full in the face; but he, the fine frank, big, open-countenanced fellow that he used to be, turned his head aside in a shifty fashion, and muttered something about it being a miserable night.

"Ned," I said, determined to attack him at once, "you've been a good deal on the line lately."

"Who—who told you?" he said, with averted head.

"It does not matter," I replied; "but this must be stopped."

"Yes, yes—of course," he said, facing round, and looking me full in the eyes. "Give me a tiny drop more brandy, John, and I'll tell you all about it."

I only hesitated mentally, for I poured him out the spirit directly, and he poured it down—the effect being quite wonderful to me, for it seemed to give him strength and firmness on the instant.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, turning his chair so as to face me.

"Well, we were talking about my going on the line. I'll be frank with you, John—I did when you were not there."

"You must have been mad, Ned. Why, when I caught you to-night, what could you be thinking about?"

"I'd got one of my fits on me, John," he cried, earnestly.

"There—there, don't look horrified, man," he said, laughing.

"You don't imagine that I was thinking of putting an end to myself?"

I looked at him strangely, and his laughter was as strange, as he said, looking nervously over his shoulder—

"No, no, John. Not so bad as that. It's—I—well, look here, old fellow. I'm rather queer at times. I can't quite recollect all, but it bothers me when it comes."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Well," he whispered, hesitatingly, as he glanced about the place. "I don't believe in apparitions, or anything of that sort; but there's something very strange haunts me, John at times.

"I can't tell you what it is, till it comes. I could describe it to you then, but as soon as it's gone I forget what it's like."

"It was time I took you in hand, Ned," I said.

"Yes, quite John; and you'll cure me, won't you, John? But I must have brandy—plenty of brandy. It keeps it away."

"You shall have plenty of brandy," I said, bitterly.

"Shall I, John?—thank you John," he said, glancing at the spirit bottle, shifting his chair, in a frightened way, to my side, and taking hold of my arm.

"I'll tell you—all—all about it. I'm not mad, John—not in the least; but sometimes I believe I'm a little what the Scripture calls possessed—possessed, you know, but only for a time."

"Go on," I said watching his blue, cracked lips, and shaking hands.

"It's a demon, John, and yet it isn't, for sometimes it's an angel: but they're so rolled up, and mixed together, that I can't separate them.

"They—no, it's an it—it comes regularly, and sits—is there anything there, John?—look!" he whispered, with his hot breath on my ear—"there, sitting on the coalscuttle, with its long, thin arms hugging its knees, and its chin resting upon them. Pah! it's very loathsome. Don't you see it?"

"Pooh! man, there's nothing there," I said, laughing: but all the same my hair felt stirred, and a cold chilling shudder ran down my back.

"N-no—it isn't there now," he said, in a timid, hesitating way: "but it does come, and, I can't get away from it. Let me hold your hand, John. Thank you."

He took tightly hold of my hand, sitting panting for a few moments, as I more and more fully realized the tremendous responsibility I had undertaken; and I saw how helpless I should be taken up, as I was, with my duties.

But I did not flinch, only made up my mind to try and bring him back to manhood—I may say to life.

"It comes very often, John, whatever it is; and sometimes it's good, and sometimes evil.

"But it's mostly good; and though it is so evil with it, that it tries to drive me mad, for it sits before me and calls me names—'Drunken fool,' 'Idiot,' 'Drivelling, drunken idiot;' and sneers and laughs at me, as it shows me what I was and what I might have been.

"I try to drive it away—I've followed it up, struck at it, walked through it; but it still keeps there tormenting me, and it laughs and rolls about as it sees how it torments me.

"Then it finishes by telling me what I shall be; and as it tells me—oh! John, it's so horrible!—it nearly maddens me; for at every word a picture seems to rise, and I shiver, and shudder, and beg for mercy. But it's of no use; it goes on till I can bear no more, and then it goes."

"Of course, you know—" I began.

"Stop a moment," he whispered, "I haven't done. I want to tell you where it goes. Where do you think? You'll never guess."

"Back into the realm of imagination from whence you evoked it," I said, trying to smile, but with the weight of my responsibility seeming to crush me down.

"No—no," he whispered, "it goes—for I've followed it a hundred times—it goes slowly backwards to the railway, and stands grinning at me there, till the fast train comes, and then it leaps on to the engine, and is gone."

"Well, Ned," I said, quietly, "of course ——"

"Give me some more brandy, John, or it will be here again—quick. I couldn't stand it to-night."

I poured him out more, and he tossed it down—I feeling all the while that I was certainly going to make his ailment worse at first, even if I afterwards brought him round.

"Imagination, Ned, imagination," I said, clapping him on the shoulder.

"Yes, yes—I suppose it is," he said, slowly. "But it is very dreadful, John, when one's imagination gets so solid. I'm better now. Brandy is like life to me."

"But it brings those fancies back."

"No," he said.

"I think sometimes it kills them. I'm worse when I don't have any. It's very horrible, isn't it?"

"Such a thing as fancy don't deserve to be called horrible," I said, laughing, though I was shivering with excitement, caused by the thoughts of my undertaking. "Come old fellow, it's past one o'clock. Let's get to bed. Are you ever thirsty in the night?"

"Racked with feverish thirst," he replied.

"It's a torment."

"I'm going to put you a tumbler of cold brandy and water by your side, if you'll promise not to touch it till you've had a sleep."

"I'll promise, John—anything," he said. "But don't put water to it—let it be only brandy."

"I'm your doctor," I said, "and I shall do as I like."

I filled the tumbler, and we went up to our rooms; where I lay, in mine, sleepless and feverish, wondering whether evil would come of what I had done, and whether I ought to tell Bell and his wife to sleep with their door locked; the temptation being on me to get up and secure my own, only I wouldn't, for very shame—feeling that if, in some fit of delirium, Ned Hassall did leave his room, I ought to be ready, as I had undertaken such a task, to run out on the instant.

And so the night wore on, with me turning from side to side, listening sometimes to Bell's snorts, and trying hard to get off into the strange, feverish sleep from which I started up on my elbow, with the impression on me that I had heard Ned get out of bed to go in pursuit of the apparition which came to revile and drive him nearly mad.

CHAPTER V.

MY ENGAGEMENT.

MR. STACEY must have said a good deal to Frank and Kate, for in spite of all my protestations they were full of teasing; and I could see, as the days wore on, how delighted they were, while I grew more unhappy day by day.

It was a bitter time for me, and I very often took myself to task for being selfish, for I used to feel that by accepting Mark Stacey I was going to make three people happy, whilst one only—myself—would be the sufferer.

Then I had to take into consideration whether it would be honest of me to accept him, feeling as I did; for that there was the old love in my heart, I knew but too well.

To this I at last gave answer that it was my duty to crush down all selfish old feelings; that Ned had loved me—had never told me that he loved me; and that the probabilities were that I should never see him again.

It was madness, then, to dwell upon the past; and if I had to make any sacrifice, I ought to do it freely, unselfishly, for the sake of all.

As to love—well, perhaps that might come in time; but if I asked myself, did I love Mark Stacey now? the answer was No—I only liked him as a friend.

And the days glided on happily, when I was busied only over the home matters, or taking charge of little Vi.

The summer slipped by, and Frank was busy over his harvest.

So was Mr. Stacey, who had the neighboring farm, but he always found time to come over to Frank's; and though there had been nothing more said, he was evidently looked upon by Frank and Kate as my suitor, and if ever I made any protestations against it, Kate used to stop my lips with kisses, and call me Little Modesty.

If Ned had but told me quietly that he loved me, and asked me to be true to him, and wait, I could have waited till I was grey and wrinkled, with my heart still beating warmly for his sake; but I was obliged to own at last that it was all a dream, and, in a helpless, nerveless way, I let myself drift, drift, drift, drift down the stream of life, letting things take their course, as I told myself that it was fate, and if I had to become the wife of Mark Stacey, I would try to do my duty.

The summer passed away, and autumn was at hand.

The last sheaves had been piled up in the rickyard, and the great russet grain mountains were all being neatly thatched.

Frank had given his men their harvest supper, and there was a tint of yellow in the woods.

It was one bright, golden morning, when the dew hung in gems of every hue upon gossamer and leaf, that I meant to start quietly off with little Violet for a walk: but on going into the nursery to fetch her, there was Kate before me, and she began, in her fashion:

"Look at the artful creature, Vi, darling," she said, as she held the little golden-haired thing in her arms—"look at the pains she has been taking with herself again.

"Look at her ruddy hair: look at her hat, with its blue ribbon hanging down so wickedly behind; and the cunning way in which she has dressed herself in white, so as to look girlish, and sweet, and simple.

"Do you know what it's for, pet?"

"See Mitter Tatey," said Vi, after her mother had whispered the words in her ear.

"Oh, pray, pray be quiet, Kate," I cried, and my eyes were full of tears, born of vexation; for, in spite of my efforts, as she talked, I felt my face begin to flush and burn.

"That's a good girl, Vi," said Kate, "tell me again."

But the child was intent upon her mother's chain, and paid no heed to her words.

"Do you know why Aunty Jenny's going?" said Kate again, laughing at me the while.

"Tate me for a walk to det doodies," said the child, struggling to get to me.

"No, no, pet," she said; "she knows that the harvest is over, and somebody has plenty of time now to watch the house with a telescope, and see when she happens to go out."

"For shame, Kate," I cried, "it's too bad.

"You know I never thought anything of the kind, and never do."

"Then you ought to, that's what I think," said Kate, laughing.

"Why, the poor fellow's half brokenhearted, because you are so cool to him.

"I'm sure he loves you."

"Vi loves Aunt Dinny," cried the little child.

"Yes, petty, and so does someone else," said Kate.

"There, she's going to take you in the fields, where a white frock can easily be seen."

"I was not going in the fields, Kate," I said, rather foolishly; for I ought to have held my tongue.

"In Elley Wood, then," said Kate.

"Yet, yet—doe in the wood," cried the child, and her mother laughed and cooed over her.

"Good little Vi mustn't look when Mr. Stacey comes," said Kate, laughing.

"For shame, Kate!" I said—"think of the child.

"As if I cared for him!" I exclaimed, pettishly.

"Come, Vi."

"Yes, go along, pet," cried Kate.

"Aunt Jenny does not care for him a bit, and never blushes when he comes to supper, and can't eat her own.

"She hates him with all her heart, and never looks at him."

I heard no more, for I hurried out with the child, my heart beating painfully, and a feeling on me that I should like to run away and shut myself in somewhere, to cry all alone.

For I was hurt, sorry, wounded.

I was unhappy: for, in my negative way, I felt that I had allowed things to go in a direction from whose end I now shrank, even though it seemed to me one that would make others happy.

I needed all my fortitude to keep back my tears, and, with a strange sinking at my heart, as if impending evil threatened me, I hurried the child along, so that we might lose ourselves as soon as possible in the wood.

It was quite inadvertently that we had strolled into the same copse where Mark had told me he had loved me.

He had never spoken of it again; but there was a cool breeze, and a sweet, humid freshness in the wood, as we rambled under the arcades made by the hazel trees, from which we pulled down branches with newly-ripened nuts.

Then we rambled through the great fir plantation, where Vi was in ecstacies with the different fungi which I turned up here and there—scarlet, purple, pale-green, orange, or dusky brown, and covered with leprous-looking scales.

The birds twittered overhead, and the doves cooed; while, as we walked, our feet, slid among the glistening pine needles that lay spread around.

"Dere's no fowers here," cried Vi, suddenly rousing me from a dream.

"Come back into de wood, aunty."

I took the child's hand, with a feeling of saddened resignation; for, without believing in portents, I felt that the time had come, and I knew, as well as I could see him, that Mark Stacey would find me in that wood, and press me to accept him as my husband.

We wandered back there till we came upon the little path where Mark Stacey had joined us in summer; but, smiling bitterly, I turned aside, and made for another feeling that it would look as if I expected him if I went down there.

So we walked along till Vi darted off alter one of these brightly-painted butterflies that frequent the moist alleys of a wood, and I sat down on a mossy bank, watching her far down the green cloister; thinking of the days when I felt the same joyfulness over little things, and longing for my passed-away childhood, with its innocence and mirth.

Suddenly, in spite of feeling prepared, my heart seemed to stand still, but only to give a bound, and begin to beat furiously as if seeking to escape from the threatened imprisonment to which it was to be doomed; for there had been a quick, sharp rustling of the underwood, as of some one tall and strong forcing his way through, and directly after a fresh shadow joined mine upon the ground, the two melting into one, as a deep voice, which made me tremble, said, earnestly:

"Jenny, have I found you at last?"

I could not speak; for something seemed to swell in my throat.

I could see, as he stood there, how earnest and pleading he looked, with his hat in his hand, and his broad chest heaving with emotion.

I could see, too, how handsome and well-built a fellow he was, as his eyes said, as plainly as eyes could speak:

"I love you with my whole heart."

Then I knew, too, how faithful and honest he had been; how he had respected me, and waited my time; and yet, as he took my hand in his, and kept it, bidding me retain my seat, I felt that I did not love him a whit the better, and, with a guilty feeling of remorse, I felt that I never should.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Aunt Sarah.

BY IDA FLINN.

At eighteen, I went out into this cold, wide world to seek my fortune.

My father and mother were dead, and I had neither brother or sister; no one at all but a crusty old aunt, who said to me when we came home from my mother's funeral, that I should come and stop with her for a few days, until I could look out for myself.

So I drew down the curtains and shut up the dear old house, and then followed Aunt Sarah home—to stop a few days.

She was my father's sister; but not at all like him in any way.

I remember papa as a great good natured fellow, always ready to dance with me by the little kitchen fire, or to play "Hide and Seek" among the evergreens that grew in our door yard; ever ready to do my bidding and when the day's work was done, to wander during the long summer evenings among the flowers and trees of our pleasant little home, while mamma sat on the side porch, with a fleecy white shawl wrapped round her, and laughed and cheered us as we ran races down the grassy hill.

He was the playmate, the idol of my childhood, and I loved him as but few children love their fathers; for there are but few men who exercise the care and devotion toward their children that I had received from him from my birth.

I remember one evening he came home, with a strange white look on his face that frightened me, and as he kissed me and said he could not play with me, a chilling fear crept into my heart, which I could not understand; but the next morning mamma sent me over to Aunt Sarah's to stay until papa was better.

The days seemed weeks, and the weeks like months, before aunty told me in her grim way that mamma had sent for me, and my little feet flew along the foot-path, my heart beating with pleasure at being so soon with papa, and hardly waiting to push open the outer door, I cried joyfully—"papa, papa, I've come home."

But there was no answering shout, no hasty footsteps as I had anticipated; the house was still; and I ran eagerly into the parlor where I met my mother, who, at my questions, took me in her arms and cried and said: "We must live for each other now, Crete, for papa is dead."

"Dead!"

Child that I was, I felt a chill creep through my being at the word, and icy fingers seemed clutching at my heart strings until I cried out in pain.

My father was dead!

He lay out on the sunny hill in the old church yard and next summer the grass and daisies would nod together over him, and the sweet little thrushes would come and sing and try to lull him to rest, as though he were not already asleep.

He would never awake to dance with me, or to rock me to sleep when I was tired; he would never again roll with me down our little hill, or climb the maple by the door to see how many eggs the old robin had in its nest in its branches; he would never come home again and kiss mamma and me, and let us search his pockets for the gift we were always sure to find.

No; papa was dead, and mamma and I were alone.

In my childish fancy, I thought the hand on my heart would never move, but it seemed to press tight and tighter, until I thought its cords would snap under the pressure; and mamma tried to soothe me and I clung to her, and kissed her, and loved her, as I never had before.

She seemed like a sweet angel hovering over me night and day, and that impression has never left me.

We did indeed live for each other, and our lives were bound together, so that when once more the rod fell upon my shoulders, and she passed to the spirit land to join father, that hand was placed again on my heart, only colder than before, and once more I battled against providence for depriving me of my last protector.

It seemed unjust that while other girls had father, mother, home—everything, I should have nothing, and no one but Aunt Sarah. Dear Aunt Sarah, I loved her in spite of her cold grimness.

She had not always been the grim, sarcastic woman she was now; she had had a bitter lesson, a sad experience that had quenched the light and hope out of her life, and pushed her from the gilded palace of romance down among the bare brown rocks of reality, to live there, the best she might.

Years and years before I was born when she was a bright eyed school-girl, she had been engaged to be married to a young and popular lawyer, in our then thrifty village, and a brilliant happy future was predicted for the handsome couple, who intented to stem life's currents together.

While auntie was finishing her education, Ralph Horton bought and furnished a little cottage, so that her commencement would be in earnest, the commencement of the voyage of life with him.

But the course of true love is not smooth, as we all know, and a slight misunderstanding, which might have been rectified very easily at first, ended in a quarrel, and Aunt Sarah in her haste and anger ordered the invitations withdrawn and Ralph, stung by the insult, deeded the cottage and its belongings to her, and went away in the night, no one knew where.

Years passed before they heard from him, and then some one found that he was raising stock in the West, and never intended to come back to the home he left so suddenly.

Aunt Sarah's roses had long since fled, and the bright eyes were dimmed with tears; but all she could do was to live and wait in hopes that he would return some day, and contrary to her people's wishes, she took a servant and left her father's house for the little cottage under the hill, where she had lived alone these many years.

I learned the sorrow of her life when I was very young in years and believed in day dreams, and I loved to think that Ralph would come home some day and marry Aunt Sarah yet, but I could not decide upon the color of the bride's dress, and I never did; for in the midst of my perplexity there came a queer looking letter from his lawyer, saying that he was dead, and had willed his estate to Miss Mentor.

I cried when I heard the news, partly because I felt very sorry for Aunt Sarah but more particularly at the tumbling my air castle took, that I had taken so much pains to build.

But this happened years before, when Crete Mentor was the child-queen of two warm hearts, beating with tenderness for her; when the briars and pebbles were carefully removed from her pathway so that she should not stumble.

But now the willing hands were clasped over hearts forever still; hearts that were buried under two little mounds in the church yard, one so green and beautiful—the other, so brown and bare, and I Crete Mentor, was sitting in the gloomiest, farthest corner of Aunt Sarah's dark, little parlor, sitting with clenched hands and tearless eyes, gazing into vacancy and trying to realize that I was motherless.

The weary hours of the afternoon wore away; the sun sank behind its crimson clouds, and as the gray shadows of evening deepened into night, auntie's rigid maid of all work brought in the tea.

I could not eat, and she did not urge me, but ate her own supper in silence, and after the dishes had been cleared away and the table spread for evening, she drew her chair to the fire and settled herself with her knitting for the evening.

It was so still in my dark corner, I had almost forgotten I was there, when she drew another chair near the fire and turning to me said: "Come here, Lucretia, I want to talk to you."

I arose from my corner and took the seat she offered me, and wondered what would come next; but she sat still and silent, while her needles clicked and glistened in the firelight that was dancing a jig on the wall opposite; sat and knit on and on, looking into the red coals at her feet, as though she had forgotten I had come to her.

I had wandered away back among the dim, sweet pictures of my childhood, which seemed so far away from me now, when her hard voice again aroused me to myself, and I looked into the hard face now turned toward me, in surprise.

"Lucretia," she said, clearing her throat with her peculiar hack, "you know that it is not my way to either give or take advice; but for once I mean to step over this rule and advise you, for I think you need it; still you may follow it, or not, just as you choose.

"You are now alone in the world; at least there is no one to look after your interests but myself, and I will do so if you wish it.

"You are sadly bereft, Lucretia, but it's not going to do for you to fold your hands and give way to your sorrow as you are inclined to do.

"It will only sadden your life and embitter your heart, making yourself unhappy and those around you.

"It will only bring you a life full of barren regrets and scattered hopes, full of restless longing that can never be stifled till death.

"It will leave you a lonely, despised, old maid, Lucretia, when you might have been loving and loved."

Aunt Sarah sighed, and fell to knitting faster than ever—with her eyes fastened on the coals that were now glowing and sparkling so that the dingy room was beautifully illumed; and I wondered as I looked at her, if her thoughts had not flown back to her girlhood, and her own sorrow, as mine had done as she spoke of my life.

Was she thinking now of her life as it might have been?

Oh, these cruel, bitter "might have beens."

The least touch upon the golden key of memory, brings them from their graves in the buried past, and they stand staring into our faces with their hollow eyes and mock us, by planting before us the life we have, and exhibiting to us snatches of our life as it might have been!

But the endless stocking was again laid down and aunt continued:

"I think, Lucretia, the best thing you can do, is to get into some employment that will take up your mind and interest.

"I will see that you find such, if you wish, and I will help to get ready as soon as you want to go; but Lucretia,"——and her hand was laid on my bowed head,—"Lucretia, you know that I have enough for both; but do not think me a stingy, old maid, when I say that I shall not offer you my hearth for your home; for I think it best for your own good.

"Your shoulders smart under this blow, I know my child but we are to pass under the rod, not *live* under it, as I have done." There were tears in Aunt Sarah's eyes when she had finished speaking, and there were tears in my heart to.

She had to-night, lifted the curtain and given me a glimpse of her heart warm and loving under its cold outer covering, a glimpse which made me love the lonely woman ever after, and her honest words had sunk down into my heart and melted the ice that had gathered there, and my tears fell fast as I gently kissed the hand that had fallen to my lap.

I had found a friend in Aunt Sarah, and I would do just as she had said.

I would go out in the world a resolute woman at eighteen, would leave the old home with its clinging memories far behind and struggle for my daily bread.

Others had done so before me, why should not I?

True to her word she secured me a position as book-keeper in a firm in Boston, whose main partner was a friend of hers. The time given me to prepare was already past and I was spending my last day in the sleepy old town; for in the grey dawn I was to start on my journey.

She had seen to renting my house to an old couple, had paid my bills, and now there was nothing left for me to do, but to make a visit to our little garden and prepare a last flowery tribute for my dead, and lay it at their feet with reverent hands.

We had a quiet evening—Aunt Sarah and I.

She gave me words of good advice, while knitting on that endless stocking, and cautioned me time and again against endless things and persons, so that pickpockets, humbugs, and highwaymen danced through my dreams all night, and when I was called to breakfast, I imagined it was a robber demanding my money or my life.

At last I sat down in a railway car, and strained my eyes for a last look at the dull little place; but the train was moving—I had started.

I saw the depot before me, with Aunt Sarah standing in the door-way, waving her hand; there was my friend, the baggage master, bowing to me.

Now came the brook, babbling along its shallow bed; yonder in the distance loomed the schoolhouse, grim and frowning, and there among its trees stood our house—my house now.

A white line of smoke was running from a chimney, and a fleecy curtain was fluttering and waving in the morning air, as though in fare-well to me.

We were moving out fast now.

We passed the picnic ground, the old grassy hill and the moss covered cottage at its foot, in quick succession and then came a flying glimpse of the church yard with its flower dotted graves; and their white gleaming slabs.

My heart began to sink as I reconized the two under the beautiful willows, but as a sob came from my heart, and I began to waver from my resolution, I saw the church steeple, rising high into the clear blue, its gilded top just catching and reflecting the first sunbeam, and pointing like a finger of light to heaven, and my father is there.

It cheered and encouraged me, and dashing the tears from my eyes I tried to catch another glimpse; but we had passed out of sight.

It had gone back with my old life and I was commencing a new one; but I carried the impression with me, which I gained by that glimpse of the church tower standing calm and lofty, pointing wandering minds, like my own, to God's throne.

The day passed as all days will pass and night found me settled in the home of an elderly lady with whom I was to board.

Mr. Graham, my employer was announced in the course of the evening, but in place of the gray hair and wrinkled face I had expected, I saw a man of about thirty years: with kind brown eyes and a care worn and rather homely face.

He held out a white well shaped hand and as I took it, he questioned me kindly of Aunt Sarah and my home and what I thought of Boston, but the dreaded interview ended at last and Mr. Graham took leave.

I commenced my work with an ambition, I believe beyond my years; my education, thanks to my mother's care was a good one, and I found myself fully competent to occupy my new position.

The autumn and winter passed away very quickly and early spring settled down once more with its mud and dreariness for city streets, and I could not help thinking of my home, miles and miles away, and wonder if the daisies had come there yet and if my two graves were green and grassy.

I had heard occasionally from aunt but her letters sounded like the Sarah Mentor the world knew, not the woman I knew her to be, and they gave me but little comfort.

She always spoke of Mrs. Graham and asked me every time if I had seen her yet; and I often wondered why she did not come there. I had become accustomed to Mr. Graham's stern face, as he had occupied a seat opposite me all winter: and though I hardly dared speak to him, I often found myself wondering if he did not make a good friend, and if his friends did not love him.

I wondered too, why his wife never came to see him at his office, picturing her to myself as a little, blue eyed creature, with long curls and rosy pouting lips.

Imagine my surprise when one day I heard a gentle foot fall and soft voice say "Harry," and on looking up saw before me my vision—Mr. Graham's wife.

The stern look had vanished from my employer's face as he welcomed the little lady, and I sighed behind my day-books as I thought how different our lots were.

She came often after that and once she held up her tiny white hand full of grapes to me, but that was the only advance that she made and we did not get acquainted, for suddenly her visits ceased.

Shortly after this Mr. Graham told me he loved me, but I remembering the blue-eyed lady, told him his words were an insult, and leaving his employ, went back to Aunt Sarah.

Almost on the day of my return a strange thing took place.

Ralph Norton, my aunt's old sweetheart appeared.

He explained the misunderstanding which led to his long absence, and very shortly there were invitations issued for a wedding.

Mr. Graham was asked and I inquired coldly for his wife. He laughed, and auntie looked amazed.

"My wife, Miss Mentor, is a creature of your own imagination.

"Pray who is she?" "Why the lady with the blue eyes, of course."

"The lady with blue eyes is my shy little sister, who kept house for me while my mother was gone West;" and he and auntie laughed merrily enough; but as for me I sat down on the stairs and commenced to cry, and just then auntie heard the cat in the kitchen and went away to put her out. Mr. Graham came and sat down by me and whispered softly: Crete are you sorry I am not married? Tell me one thing, little one, have you a right to love me now?"

"Yes I believe she has."

Uncle Ralph had come softly down stairs in his slippers and had witnessed our little scene; and as I looked up and smiled at him through my tears, he laid a fat hand on each head and blessed us.

Bric-a-Brac.

Names of Cities.—New York is often called the Empire City; Brooklyn the City of churches; Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love; Chicago, the Garden City; St. Louis, Mound City; Boston, the Hub or the Athens of America; Washington the City of Magnificent Distances; Baltimore, the monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Pittsburg, Smoky City; Milwaukee, the Cream City; Buffalo, the Queen City of the Lakes; Rochester, Flour City; Cleveland, Forest City.

"The Dole of Tichborne."—This well known story tells of the dying and successful effort of the charitable Lady Tichborne to help the deserving poor. Being on her death bed, this distinguished lady asked her husband for a grant of land that she might leave it to the poor. He answered that he would give them the products of all the land over which she could walk. To secure this she made a superhuman effort, arising from her bed of sickness and walking over the land until she became exhausted. The agreement was faithfully carried out by her spouse, and the poor greatly aided by her dying act.

A Friend at Court.—One Grant, a Scotchman, was in the service of the great Frederick of Prussia, and was observed one day fondling the King's favorite dog. "Are you fond of dogs?" asked Frederick.—"No, please your Majesty," replied Grant; "but we Scotch have a saying that it is right to secure a friend at court."—"You are a sly fellow," said the monarch. "Recollect for the future that you have no occasion for any friend at court but myself." Grant rose afterwards with great rapidity, and was entrusted with the command of the most important fortress in the kingdom.

A Rogue's Wisdom.—Philosophers are not the only ones who have a code of maxims by which they are governed. Jonathan Wild the famous English thief is said to have had these ten maxims: (1) Never do more mischief than is absolutely necessary for success. (2) Know no distinction, but let self-interest be the one principle of action. (3) Let not your shirt know the thoughts of your heart. (4) Never forgive an enemy. (5) Shun poverty and distress. (6) Foment jealousies in your gang. (7) A good name like money, must be risked in speculation. (8) Counterfeit virtues are as good as real ones, for few know paste from diamonds. (9) Be your own trumpeter, and don't be afraid of blowing loud. (10) Keep hatred concealed in the heart, but wear the face of a friend.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Strive : yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away ;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait : yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow ;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray : though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears ;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day ;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE,"
"ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC.,
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"YES; it is pretty," said Mr. Beaufoy carelessly.

"But one is afraid to speak, for fear of waking the echoes.

"We must have huge fires lit all over the house and the windows opened wide, regardless of the old tapestry and brocade.

"The view from the terrace is charming, really !

"And where does this lead to—to the picture-gallery ?

"Ah, here is all the family assembled to welcome me !

"Some of them look at me a little sternly as if reproaching me with my long absence; but really I am not to blame——

"Good heaven"—he stopped abruptly before the portrait of beautiful Gillian Beaufoy, in her white satin sacque, and with the striped carnation in her piled-up hair—"what an amazing likeness"—looking from the picture to the beautiful pale girl at her side.

"One sees indeed, Ninon, that you have our blood in your veins.

"I glory in the keeping up of family traditions, specially of family beauty!

"Yours has come down to you as an heirloom from that lovely white girl up there, who died so young—and who looks away from us so pensively."

"She is looking at Denis Beaufoy, over there," said Ninon smiling.

"See—the dark man with the white rose in the collar of his coat."

"Denis ?

"Brian, you mean !" cried her cousin, wheeling about with another expression of surprise.

"Really, these family resemblances are astonishing!"

"Brian !" echoed Ninon faintly, a sudden curious thrill running through her veins.

"But I thought you——"

"You took me for Brian," said the young fellow quickly—"for the heir of this charming old place.

"Ah, no, my fair cousin, I have not that honor !

"I am only poor good-for-nothing Quentin, against whom you will no doubt be properly warned by those who have your interests most at heart.

"You see how frank I am !

"But I want to steal a march upon those good friends, whoever they may be.

"You will promise, will you not, to remember our cousinship always, no matter what absurd stories you may hear ?"

Ninon hardly listened to him.

She was looking, with a disturbed face, at the sarcastic smile and melancholy brown eyes of Denis Beaufoy's portrait ; and, though she told herself again that it did not, that it could not, possibly matter to her, she felt a sudden sense of relief in knowing that the blonde young fellow at her side was only Quentin.

But Brian was coming to the Priory, too.

And Brian was like that !

At the thought the girl's breath came a little faster, and then, with a faint swift flush, she took her eyes from the picture.

"Yes," said Quentin, "that is as like Brian as Mistress Gillian is like you.

"Brian is always the lucky one !

"Fancy the delight of gazing all these long years at such a face as—hers !"

"I do not think that he altogether approves of her," returned Ninon, flushing again, and feeling angry with herself for doing so.

"The expression of her eyes is decidedly sarcastic.

"I am quite sure he does not appreciate the privilege."

"Oh, Brian is not devoid of taste, believe me !" said Quentin gravely.

"One must be honest, even to one's elder brother.

"Brian is a good fellow—a little morose, perhaps, but decidedly a good fellow !"

There was an easy air of patronage in the young man's tone which did not escape Ninon's quick ear.

"I am sure that Mr. Beaufoy is not a flirt or a lady-killer," she decided secretly, looking, with the least little air of good-natured contempt at Quentin's fashionably-cut clothes, patent-leather shoes, and striped silk socks.

They followed good Mrs. Burney through innumerable suites of rooms, and Quentin declared himself more and more charmed with the place at every moment.

"All I have to do now," he said to Miss Masserene, "is to take care that Brian and Florrie do not arrive on a wet day, or that they will not take a dislike to the air of desolation about the house and grounds, which I, for my part, find delightfully romantic.

"It is a veritable Moated Grange, really !

"You and I must put our heads together, my fair cousin, and persuade the heir to this delicious old place that it is his solemn duty—that will recommend it to him, Brian likes solemn things—to spend at least six months in the year at the Priory."

"Oh, indeed we will !" cried Ninon, glad to shake off the curious languor that was stealing upon her.

"Why do you think Mr. Beaufoy will not like the place ?

"Think of how long it has been in the family.

"And it is such a pity to see it neglected and uninhabited from year's end to year's end."

"Of course it is.

"I tell Brian—that is, I shall tell him, now that I have seen the palace, I mean the Priory, that there would be just enough for him to do here in looking after the property to keep him from feeling idle.

"And it is really high time he gave up the vagabond life we two have been leading for some time, and settled down to his work as an English country gentleman.

"As I said before, one owes something to one's country !

"And Florrie would come sometimes now that she knows that there is some one here who has lived abroad, and who can chatter French with her to her heart's content.

"Oh, decidedly, Brian must come and live at the Priory !"

They had got back now to the music-room, where Ninon had left her hat and gloves.

The music-room was in the western front of the house, and outside its windows ran a broad terraced walk, whence a little breeze began now to blow in, sweet and heavy with the jasmine with which it was overgrown.

"How very pretty !" said Quentin, stepping out of one of the long windows, and smiling an invitation to Ninon to follow him.

"An ideal place on which to drink one's coffee after dinner !

"We must have some basket-chairs and Moorish rugs, and a table or two brought out.

"I foresee that it will be our favorite lounging-place of an evening."

"Yes," said Ninon, with a little sigh.

She was wondering whether she should ever be one of the party, whether her stepmother would consent to her acquaintance with her new-found relatives.

"Do you know, Mrs. Burney," Quentin went on, "I think that you might let us have some tea here now ?

"Perhaps Miss Masserene will do me the pleasure to pour it out.

"You will, will you not ?"—turning to Ninon with his curious winning smile.

Ninon hesitated.

"I should like to make tea for you," she said frankly; "but I am afraid I must go home; and—there is Tiffany !

"I had forgotten her, poor child !

"She must have picked every raspberry in the garden by this time !"

"Tiffany !" repeated Quentin.

Mrs. Burney had at once hastened off to order tea, and a servant was bringing out a small inlaid table with spindle-legs and placing it on the terrace, in the shade of the overhanging jasmine.

"Yes, my little sister," said Ninon, blushing a little now for her selfishness.

"Come with me into the kitchen-garden, and we shall find her among the raspberry-bushes.

"I mean to go and help her, but I forgot it.

"I always do forget things when I come to the Priory.

"It is such a great change from Laurel Lodge !"

Quentin looked at her with the most unaffected pity in his violet eyes.

What must Laurel Lodge be, if this poor pretty moated grange of a Priory formed an agreeable change for his beautiful young cousin?

"You must let Florrie see a great deal of you," he answered gently.

"She will be charmed to have you with her.

"We must ask some pleasant people ; we must not let our enchanted beauty go to sleep again, now that we have found her after these hundred years !"

"Yes—but Tiffany !" suggested Ninon again remorsefully; and the two went down the terrace-steps and across the dazzling old flower-garden side by side.

And, as they went, Quentin delicately questioned his cousin as to her life, her rupture with Lady Ingram, her hopes and prospects in general.

Ninon answered frankly, but of course said nothing about Dick.

It had all been her fault—the quarrel with Katherine.

Katherine had given her up for good.

There was little else to tell.

"Lady Ingram is always taking people up and dropping them on the slightest pretext," declared Quentin.

"That is the reason why Florrie has been so tardy in making your acquaintance, my fair cousin.

"One can never believe a word that Katherine says, really !

"If we had really known——"

A look gave point to his word.

Ninon's pulses were stirring with vague pleasure in his admiration.

Only an hour before she had believed that the life she had so much loved was over for her forever; and now, as she walked along with this smiling blonde cousin of hers, a new hope, a new thrill of anticipation, excitement, pleasure, was waking within her.

It lent a new brilliancy to her beauty.

She spoke and moved and looked like the Ninon of Dinard and of Dover street, in spite of her often-washed linen gown and her country boots.

Surely, surely Quentin would not let her sink back again into the dreary sleep from which he had roused her !

He would not go away and forget her and the Priory in some new fancy, having once aroused in her the longings that she had well-nigh learned to consider as dead.

No !

He would come back and bring with him his sister, without whose presence her visits to the Priory would henceforth be impossible—his sister and Mr. Beaufoy.

"I feel as if I were dreaming still !" she said, turning her sweet pale face to him in the afternoon light.

"I shall wake up to-morrow, and that it was only with the ghost of a cousin that I walked in the picture-gallery—that he was not real, that he will fade away, as so many of my dreams have faded, and leave no traces behind !"

"Not even in your memory ?" pleaded Quentin gently.

"Ninon, I should always be glad to walk with you even in a dream, but—I do not forget !

"Do you think, now that I have fought my way through the brambles and forced an entrance into the palace, that I can go on my way as though I had not seen the princess in her bower !"

Perhaps a sudden thought crossed both their mind of how the fairy prince had waked the Sleeping Beauty from her slumbers, for Quentin turned away abruptly and pulled at some leaves that hung overhead, and Ninon to her annoyance, felt her cheeks glow with a most distressing flush.

"Ah, there is Tiffany at last !" she said hurriedly, as they came in sight of the kitchen-garden.

"And she has filled my basket as well as her own, poor child !

"I am so ashamed of myself."

Little Tiff, who was very warm and very tired, was overcome with a painful shyness at sight of the splendid cousin whom her sister so carelessly introduced to her.

Her curly hair was disordered, her fingers were stained and sticky with the raspberries.

Quentin did not find her worthy of a second glance.

And it seemed natural somehow that she should drop behind as he walked back to the house with Ninon.

Tea was awaiting them on the terrace.

With gay devotion Quentin began to wait upon his beautiful cousin.

Ninon, glad of even a temporary escape from the depression which haunted her daily life, responded in the same spirit.

One would have thought that they had been old friends, that they had known each other for years, so completely did these two seem to understand each other.

It was only necessary for Quentin to speak in half sentences; Ninon understood him and filled up the rest.

It was enough for her to look at her cousin ; he translated with unerring instinct the varying meaning of her glances.

Little Tiff was bewildered by this encounter of wits across the tea-table.

This beautiful, smiling coquettish woman who was so much at her ease, who accepted this stranger's adoration as such a matter of course—was this indeed her sister Ninon?

And how was it possible that she who was so adapted to shine in the great world had given it all up for her—for her poor little stupid half-sister, who could do nothing but love her ?

Ninon insisted on bringing Tiffany into the conversation too.

She told Quentin of her love of music and her undeveloped talent for it.

Quentin, looking at the little thing through Ninon's sweet eyes, began to discover in her an odd charm of her own.

He talked to her and made her laugh, even while she blushed.

It was altogether a happy little party, and came to an end, Quentin declared with a sigh, altogether too soon.

He begged very hard for permission to walk home with them ; but this Ninon refused.

It was impossible to say in what spirit Mrs. Masserene might receive this member of the haughty Beaufoy family, who had so excited her ire.

"I am not going to be put off in that way !" the young man declared gaily.

"I shall come to-morrow to Laurel Lodge and do my best to propitiate Mrs. Masserene.

"Are not we cousins, and does one stand on ceremony with a cousin ?"

"But you will be going away," replied Ninon.

"You are to take a personal report of the Priory to Mr. Beaufoy.

"Of course.

"But that does not press ; I will write.

"I certainly shall not leave Marybridge at once."

He walked to the gates under the twilight of the overarching trees.

Tiffany noticed that the gaiety of the hour on the terrace had given way to more serious talk.

Quentin dropped his voice as he spoke to his beautiful cousin.

Ninon looked down as she listened, and pulled a flower to pieces.

It was true that she had Dick's letter in her pocket, that this fair debonair man had caused her a curious pang of disappointment when she had believed him to be Brian Beaufoy ; but she was Ninon Masserene.

She could no more help admiring Quentin Beaufoy's challenge than she could help breathing.

And there was something about her cousin that attracted her in a way.

And it was so long since she had laughed and talked with a man of the world she had lost, since she had felt the influence of a glance strong enough to make her own droop before it, as it did now, half in spite of her, before Quentin's.

Besides, she was not quite mistress of herself ; she was nervously strung up and excited; and charmingly though she talked and listened and smiled with Quentin, her thoughts were not for one moment wholly his.

They had gone back to the picture-gallery and the portrait of Colonel Denis, with its smiling melancholy mouth and sarcastic brown eyes.

"That is how Brian Beaufoy looks!" was the secret undercurrent that supplied the fountain of her brilliant spirits.

"And Brian Beaufoy is coming—I shall see him soon!"

CHAPTER XIX.

QUENTIN'S conquest of Mrs. Masserene was an easy one.

The worthy woman found herself quite incapable of resisting his assiduities, and began to think that at last the doors of society were about to open before her, since a young man so refined and distinguished as the second Mr. Beaufoy had evidently found her deserving of some civility.

Poor Mr. Melladew was reduced to the position of second fiddle during Quentin's visit to Marybridge.

Mrs. Masserene could think of little but the expected arrivals at the Priory, and frequently expressed her satisfaction in the prospect of "a little life," which she felt sure must ensue from the presence of the heir and his married sister.

It seemed that this exhilarating prospect had even established a truce for the time being between her and her step-daughter.

Her taunts of Ninon's idleness and the cost of keeping fine young ladies were less frequent, her interest in the girl's looks and costumes revived; it was plain that Mrs Masserene looked upon Brian Beaufoy's return to his ancestral home as one more "chance" for the beauty of the family, and that she was disposed to do all that was in her power to further Ninon's prospect of becoming mistress of the Priory.

And obviously the first thing that was to be done was to be as polite and as hospitable as possible to Mr. Quentin Beaufoy, younger brother though he was and dangerously good-looking.

That could certainly do no harm, but must rather ensure a return of those amiabilities as soon as "the family" were settled in their new home.

Accordingly Quentin spent a good deal of time at Laurel Lodge, and seemed in no hurry at all to leave Marybridge.

He explained to Mrs. Masserene that a great many preparations were necessary to render the old house habitable, and that he felt it to be his duty to stay and superintend these, knowing his sister's fastidious taste so well, and being determined that she, as well as the heir, should fall in love with the charming old place at first sight.

He even assured Ninon's step-mother that her opinion on various points would be of infinite service to him—a woman's judgment on household matters must, of course, be superior to that of a miserable bachelor who had lived all his life abroad since he had left Cambridge, and had well-nigh forgotten his English ways.

Mrs. Masserene was only too charmed to go through the one or two interviews with Mrs. Burney which were made the pretext for such pleasant luncheon-parties at the Priory, such lingering afternoon-teas on the jasmine-scented western terrace, for such pleasant drives along the pretty roads and lanes which bordered Brian Beaufoy's property.

Quentin preferred this arrangement to spending the warm summer days in the stuffy little parlor at Laurel Lodge, though he preferred even that to not seeing Ninon at all.

But at the Priory there were a hundred means of escape from Mrs. Masserene's vigilant eye.

It was but a sudden turn in the garden, or, in one of the rambling old corridors of the house, and she was left panting behind while Quentin and his beautiful cousin were free to continue their long whispered conversations, of which apparently they never wearied.

Ninon clung to her cousin's society with an eagerness which she could hardly explain.

She could not bear to think of his going away, so much the morbid fear haunted her that he would never return, that the Priory would be given up once more to desolation and decay, and her promised glimpse of the world she had thought lost to her should elude her longing vision, and leave her, if possible, more wretched than before the day she had turned in the dusty music-room and seen her cousin standing, careless and smiling, in the doorway.

Even the air of bustle and preparations

in the charming faded old chambers, even Quentin's somewhat alarming devotion—which she had not the courage, in her utter loneliness and discouragement, to repel, as in all honesty to poor Dick, she felt that she should have done—hardly reassured her.

Not that she flirted with him as she had flirted with Dick.

Quentin was a very different person to deal with, and had, even during their short intimacy, obtained a curious ascendency over the girl's mind—an ascendency she hardly dared to define.

He was a man who had traveled much, read, seen, experienced much, in spite of his careless blond beauty and his airy gaiety of manner.

His conversation—especially after a year of Marybridge gossip and poor Mr. Melladew's pompous speeches—had a singular charm for the girl whom he surrounded with such unceasing and delicate attentions.

She had been starving for books, and now there was always the box from Mudie's at the Priory, in which Quentin took care to includes some French books suitable for a young lady's reading.

They had tried some duets together, and found that their voices blended to perfection, so that new music was constantly arriving for Ninon's approbation.

Long and happy hours were spent, either in Mrs. Marserene's little drawing-room or at the Priory, over these and similar pursuits.

Quentin never seemed tired, hum-drum as his existence undoubtedly was for a man whose head-quarters were Paris or Vienna, and who had lived his life to the full ever since he had gone upon the world.

"It is so good of you to stay," Ninon said, with her sweet and melancholy smile.

"Confess that you are bored, and I will forgive you and let you go."

"I cannot confess what is not true," he said seriously.

"If it had not been for you, as you know very well, I should not have remained a day or an hour,in the place. When you tell me to go, it must be with other lips and another voice than those, or I cannot promise to obey."

An uneasy thought of Dick would cross Ninon during these little scenes; but, after all, he was so far away, and there was no harm, and almost as little meaning, in Quentin's whispered speeches.

He was poor—he had told Ninon that.

His sisters wished to arrange a wealthy marriage for him.

It was clear that he understood quite well what barriers stood between them, and that there was no danger for him in the intimacy which they both found so pleasant.

And the girl told herself passionately that she could not give it up; she was so hungry for congenial companionship.

She was going to marry Dick Strong; but she would forget her engagement, the future she had chosen, as long as she possibly could.

Nothing could change things.

She had signed her own death-warrant in a moment of sadness.

Let her at least be happy in the few months or years that were left her.

And Quentin would never, she felt sure, misunderstand her.

Wise little Tiffany was the first person to remonstrate with Miss Masserene about Quentin's growing infatuation.

"Ninon," she said solemnly, "do you care for your cousin Quentin at all?"

"For my cousin Quentin?" echoed Ninon, with a laugh and a sudden flush.

"Why not say our cousin Quentin, Tiff?"

"Oh, I have nothing to do with him, you know, though he is very kind and nice!

"But"—wistfully—"do you care for him, Ninon?

"Tell me!"

"What a model request!" declared Ninon, still lightly, though the color lingered in her face.

"Forgive an Irish answer, Tiff, and let me ask you, why do you want to know?"

"Because I am sure he is very much in love with you."

"Wise little Tiffany!

"And pray what are the symptoms?

"I did not think you had much experience in love affairs."

"Neither have I.

"But every one understands that sort of thing when they see it," declared Tiffany calmly.

"That sort of thing!

"What sort of thing?" demanded Ninon.

"My dear little Tiffany, Quentin is not in love with me one bit!

"And as for me—well, this is not Leap Year; so I don't see that it would be worth my while to fall in love with him."

And Miss Masserene went down-stairs to the little drawing-room where Quentin was waiting to try some new duets.

"It is such a relief to find some one to sing with who is not afraid to give the due expression to the words as well as to the music."

So Quentin said as they began to sing.

"With most girls one feels compelled to sing 'I love you' or 'I live but for thee' with about as much intensity as if one were discussing the weather.

"You are not afraid to sing sweet words to me, Ninon, though you will not speak any?"

"Oh, why should I?

"Are not we cousins?" asked Ninon, carelessly.

"But I am afraid we will have to repress our enthusiasm for the future.

"My dearest little Tiff has been suspecting us of falling in love with each other, Quentin, do you know?"

There was a momentary pause, and then Quentin broke into a little laugh.

"Was there ever such an absurd idea!" he said somewhat drily, as he put the open music on the desk.

"I will assure Tiff later of my complete innocence—and yours."

Ninon laughed, and began to sing, with perhaps the faintest tremble in her rich voice, which had been well trained, and which it was a pleasure to hear.

But the subject was not disposed of even then.

Mr. Melladew, who could not be altogether put aside during Quentin's reign, was moved to a certain smouldering jealousy and anger by the intimacy between the cousins, and was ill-advised enough to complain to Mrs. Masserene of what he called "young Mr. Beaufoy's goings on."

Mrs. Masserene,now for the first time made aware of the exact state of the brewer's affections, and being, in spite of her taste for high society, shrewdly of opinion that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, took upon herself to warn her step-daughter that she was going altogether too far with her cousin, that people were talking, and that, to sum it up, she was not going to be imposed upon after all her good nature, and that she would not stand it.

Ninon was never very well adapted for submission to the imperative mood; and at that especial time it seemed as if some reckless demon had entered into possession of the girl's soul, and was impelling her towards certain extravagances and imprudences at which Tiffany looked on sorrowful and fearing to interfere.

But she listened to her step-mother's lecture unmoved, and hardly shrank even when assured that there could be no doubt now that Mr. Melladew was in earnest, and that it was no good to "choke him off" until she was quite sure she could do better.

But, when Mrs. Masserene left the room, the girl quietly put on her hat, and went out to meet Quentin some distance from the house.

He had long been entreating her to take a drive with him to a neighboring village where there was a waterfall and a rustic bridge and some charming river-side scenery to be looked at, and he had declared that he would not take her "No" as final, but would wait at the beginning of the fir-grove on the Marybridge road on the day appointed,hoping that at the last she would relent and give him a few hours of her society unhampered by Mrs. Masserene's appalling fine talk and Tiffany's shrewd and watchful little eyes.

Ninon saw him waiting, as he had promised. when she reached the fir-grove after her rapid walk.

She was paler than usual, and carried her small head very high.

"I said I would not go riding," she said abruptly; "but I have changed my mind.

Quentin uttered an eager exclamation of pleasure.

"I find," the girl went on, "that Mr. Melladew disapproves of our intimacy.

"What a misfortune, is it not?

"And, if you will only drive me past his house up there on the hill, Quentin, I will go to Dingley, or wherever you like afterwards."

"You will?" the young man said, seizing her two cold hands in his.

"You are not afraid?"

"Afraid!" she echoed.

"Of what?

"My step-mother will very likely send me to bed without any supper.

"But you must give me some dinner at Dingley, and then I shall not mind.

"But"—she paused, looking curiously at him—he too was pale, and looked a little anxious—"are you afraid?

"Do you repent of your invitation?

"If so, I have only to go back again, and no one will be the wiser."

"Ninon," said her cousin, "do you think I can let you go now?

"I was afraid only for you,my poor child; but, after all, now that I am here, that you are not quite separated from you mother's family, that woman will hardly dare to ill-treat you."

"Come," said Ninon recklessly, "we are losing time."

The carriage was waiting at the entrance to the grove.

Quentin put his cousin in; and, as she insisted on her point, they drove through the streets and past the brewer's big white house before they turned into the road to Dingley.

It was a delicious afternoon; the horses went along in splendid style.

Ninon was in the wildest spirits, and laughed at Quentin again for what she called his "naughty-boy" look.

"What if we are playing truant?" she said gaily.

"The game is worth the candle.

"I don't mind a whipping when I get home, if I only have a pleasant day with you, in spite of Mr. Melladew and his outrageous impertinence."

With an effort, Quentin put away his anxiety and became resolutely cheerful.

After all, no matter what followed, no one could rob them of this recollection.

He had hardly ever been alone with Ninon before.

That fact alone was sufficiently intoxicating.

She looked so charming under her old Avranches hat, and seemed so happy to be with him.

"There is something in mesmerism, magnetism—whatever you like to call it, after all," declared the young man presently, as he walked his horses up the hill.

"As I stood there in the grove, I was trying the effect of my will-power upon yours across the half a mile of sunshine and silence that stretched between us.

"And, you see, I succeeded.

"You came to me, though you had declared that you would not."

"You certainly looked as frightened as though you had raised a ghost," declared Ninon, laughing.

"But I don't believe in that wonderful exercise of your volition.

"If it were worth anything, I should certainly find myself back at Laurel Lodge in another minute, for I can see that you are dying to get rid of me."

Quentin did not think it worth while to put in a protest.

He was intent on watching the changes in the girl's sweet face.

"It is Mr. Melladew you have to thank," she continued, with a bitter little laugh; and Quentin ground out an oath between his clenched teeth.

"Ninon," he said abruptly, "the question is almost an insult, I know; but there is nothing between that brute and you? You would not listen to him of course, for a moment?"

Ninon shrugged her shoulders perversely.

"Who knows what I may be compelled to do one of these days?" she said in a random way.

"Good Heaven!" cried Quentin.

"It is impossible. Sooner than that, I would drive you over Dingley Bridge and into the river below it, or ask you to marry me, which would be much the same thing in the end."

"Quite," assented Ninon.

"And I think I should prefer the river. If you feel at all inclined to solve the puzzle in that way, I for one shall not object. It would put an end to so many other painful things at the same time. Drive over the bridge by all means."

She was laughing; but it did seem to her just then that, if all were to end for her there and then, while the sun shone and they were together, it would be no great matter.

Quentin looked at her with a sudden half-tender uneasiness.

"One would have thought," he said, in a low voice, "that fate could have nothing but good things in store for you. Let us hope, dear, that they are all to come."

"No," Ninon said, shaking her head.

"As I used to tell Katherine, I was not born to be happy.

"I don't think I know how to be happy. When I had the things that I regret so much now, I wanted something else—I was not contented.

"Ah, the kindest thing you could do, Quentin, would be to keep your word, and drive us over the bridge! Would you mind it much?"

"Not with you," he said curtly, taking up the hand next to his and crushing it. He hurt his finger against Dick's ring, which Ninon wore on her right hand, and he lifted the pretty wrist up that he might inspect the broad gold band and its rudely-carved signs.

"What an odd ring!" he said. "What makes you wear it?"

"I have got into a habit of wearing it," the girl said coldly, without the faintest change of color.

"I wish you would change it for my cat's-eye," Quentin said, looking at her out of the corner of his eyes.

"I wish I could"—quietly.

"Would you if you could, Ninon?"

Her cousin bent forward now and looked into the sweet, absent face.

She was gazing idly across the sunny landscape.

"Would you?" urged Quentin, as she did not speak.

And then she seemed to wake with a little start.

"Would I what?" she asked, drawing a long breath.

"Change rings with me, in remembrance of our drive to-day?"

"I will tell you that"—a bitter smile curled the girl's lips—"when we are together at the bottom of the river."

A little silence ensued. Ninon's gaiety was gone.

As they drew near the village where they were to dine, it would have been hard to say which looked the more unhappy—the young man or his companion.

Quentin's eyes were fastened with a kind of passionate determination on Ninon's sad face.

She was looking at her engagement ring in a careless way, and turning it round and round on her finger.

They dined in the parlor of the little Inn, which looked on to the river.

There was a cottage-piano in the room, and Quentin played while the table was being laid.

Ninon gathered some honeysuckle and adorned the table.

She came and went softly, listening to the music, and then she went and stood beside her cousin.

The smell of the honeysuckle in her belt made him turn round.

She was smiling again now, and bade him come to dinner.

"Finish your waltz first," she said. "It is so pretty."

But he broke off in his playing—he had been softly trying to recall Beethoven's "Le Desir"—and stood up to carve the roast chicken.

"Why should I finish it?" he said, as he put her in her chair at his side.

"I like things best that are broken, unfinished, incomplete; it is the sweetest dream from which one wakes too soon—to discover that the lawyer's letter that had brought you a fortune was not a reality, but that your tailor's unpaid bill is there to replace it!

"Are you hungry?

"We are going to get an awful scolding when we get back, you know; so let us fortify ourselves with much roast chicken."

So they dined merrily enough, and afterwards walked down to the river and gathered the forget-me-nots that grew among the rank tall grass.

It was late when they began their homeward drive.

A star or two was peeping over the dark hedges, beyond which the evening sky was fading, primrose-pale.

Quentin had fallen into his old trick of whispering to Ninon; and she was looking down again as she listened.

All the dread of her reception at home could not prevent the drive from being a delicious one.

She had ceased to struggle against the charm of her cousin's voice and words.

Was it not something to have found an anodyne that could deaden, even for a while, the ceaseless pain of her unavailing regrets.

"Ninon," Quentin said, as they drew near Marybridge again, "will you tell me who gave you that ring you wear?"

"No," she answered quickly.

"What right have you to ask?"

"None," he said, with some agitation.

"But are you vexed with me for feeling an irrepressible interest in even the smallest incident in your life?"

He held her hand close as he helped her to alight.

She looked at him, flushing a little, and her lips parted.

For a moment it was on her lips to tell him about Dick; but the impulse died as quickly as it had been born.

"Be satisfied to know," she said, with a shrug, "that it was not Mr. Melladew!"

With that she pulled her hand from his.

Before he could answer she had cried out a soft "Good-bye," and had started on her walk to Laurel Lodge.

Quentin followed her at a distance to see that she reached home safely, and then turned on his heels, with a very gloomy and disturbed face indeed.

The door was opened to Ninon by Tiffany, who gave a great gasp of relief at sight of her sister.

"Come in! Come in!" she said.

"You are safe, thank goodness.

"Mother went out to the Palmers', and did not know whether you were upstairs or not.

"Sarah has made you some tea.

"Oh, Ninon, where have you been?

"How could you stay out so late?"

"I have been to Dingley with Quentin," said Ninon wearily.

"He promised to drive me to the bottom of the river.

"But you see I have no luck; here I am back again safe and sound."

"Ninon," cried Tiff, shocked at her sister's recklessness, and putting her fond little arms round her in the dusky hall, "what should I have done if you had not come back safe and sound?"

Ninon suddenly kissed her.

"Come and give me some tea," she said gaily, "and don't mind my nonsense, child.

"We will seize the opportunity of your mother's absence to have a good long music-lesson, and afterwards I will correct your exercise."

"There is a letter for you too," said Tiffany.

"It is from Barnes—from aunt Dorothy."

Ninon turned pale.

"That will keep till after tea," she said somewhat irritably.

Whether the letter was from aunt Dorothy or from Dick himself, how could she read it just yet, while Quentin's whisper was yet warm in her ear, when her own imprudent answers were yet recurring to her mind and making her cheeks burn?

"Come!" she said hurriedly to Tiffany. "Don't talk of letters.

"You know how I hate them. But let you and I be happy while we can."

* * * * * *

From that day forth the flirtation, if such it were, between Miss Masserene and her cousin developed into even more startling dimensions.

The girl committed a hundred follies,any one of which, if discovered, would have been sufficient to set every tongue in quiet Marybridge talking.

As for Quentin, the Marybridge opinion was infinitesimal importance in his eyes, and it did not occur to him to deny himself the daily intoxication of the beautiful girl's companionship out of any provincial regard for appearances.

So long as she did not suffer personally through him in any way, he considered himself justified in pursuing his own pleasure, since it seemed to be hers also, and in setting all scruples at defiance.

And Ninon was, if possible,more reckless than Quentin.

She seemed to have fallen more and more under the dominion of a hopeless abandonments of spirit, of a frantic desire of forgetfulness.

Her letter from Dick had announced to her his approaching return; he had spoken joyfully of brightening prospects, of a reasonable hope of their earlier marriage.

Her fate was coming fast upon her.

There was no one to hold out a hand and help her—not one.

Dick was coming home to claim her.

She had given her word, and she would keep it; but, oh, to shut the thought out even for a while, to forget everything but the passing folly of the hour!

And there was Quentin at her side, as unhappy apparently as herself, and as desirous of any mad distraction that offered itself.

How was it possible to turn away from him and deny herself the temporary solace of his companionship?

Poor little Tiff was made the reluctant accomplice in many a mad escapade during the last week of Quentin's stay; for he had now announced his determination of leaving Marybridge before Brian and his sister arrived.

All was ready for their reception, the day of their return was even fixed; but he declared himself incapable of waiting to receive them.

"I have no mind to share your friendship with any one," he said to Ninon; "and of course, when Brian arrives upon the scene, I shall be nowhere."

"Don't talk of your brother!" cried Ninon, and odd little shiver running through her as the thought of her picture came back to her.

"For days she had not looked at it, she had refused to allow herself to think of it; she was more ashamed of her wild doings and sayings in presence of Denis Beaufoy's sarcastic smile than she was when she held Dick's letters in her hand, or even one of aunt Dorothy's gentle motherly epistles, so full of good counsel and tender encouragement for the future.

"Don't you know as well as I do that he will disapprove of me, that he will find me 'bad form,' 'fast,' and everything else that an English girl ought not to be?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.] .

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "A WEAK WOMAN," "RED RIDING-HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE room could hardly be dignified by the name of studio, though Jack Beamish's easel stood in one corner bearing an unfinished picture.

It was indeed little better than an attic, though it was airy and spotlessly clean, and though the modest walls were covered with sketches, with bits of cracked china, with rapiers, and helmets and mandolins, and though the window was draped with a bit of threadbare tapestry and filled with lots of well-tended pots of flowers in full bloom.

In another corner stood a piano well-nigh smothered with music, chiefly in manuscript, and near the piano a work-basket very tastefully trimmed and embroidered, but containing evidently nothing more artistic than several pairs of socks that wanted mending.

A bird was singing lustily in the early sunshine; the room had just been swept and garnished, but not a soul was to be seen as Freddy Sprott, having knocked more than once at the door, at last opened it cautiously and looked in.

He was a big bashful young man in a resplendent velvet coat, and he had a huge bunch of roses in his hand.

"She is not here," he said, looking about, and indeed one could see at a glance into every corner of the cheerful little studio under the roof; "so I can leave my roses without being found out."

As he spoke, he laid his nosegay on the pretty work-basket that contained the socks.

"I wonder if she suspects where they come from?

"Sometimes I almost hope she does; but then, when we meet, she holds out her hand so calmly, and says 'Good morning, Mr. Sprott' so unconsciously, that I begin to despair again.

"I shall never have courage to tell her how much I love her; and so"—the big young man reddened and hesitated as he took something from his breast-pocket—"I have painted this little portrait of myself, and it shall speak for me.

"Oh, how my heart does beat!"

He had barely time to lay the little portrait under the roses when the door opened, and a young lady came in, pulling off her hat as she entered, and gave him a cheerful greeting.

"Good morning, Mr. Sprott," she said, carefully setting down the basket of big strawberries she carried.

Poor Freddy bowed and blushed.

"As usual!" he thought despairingly.

She did look so very pretty in her clean cotton gown, her chestnut hair was so bright and so neatly braided, her gray eyes so sweet, her smile so charming!

"You are waiting to see Jack, I suppose?" she said, taking off her gloves and beginning to put her strawberries into a china dish, which she lined with their leaves.

"He has gone to ask after poor Warrington, who is very ill; but I expect him in every minute.

"You don't mind my going on with my work?

"Noel will be wanting his breakfast soon."

"Oh, no, not at all!" declared Freddy, and he thought again—"No, she does not care for me.

"I wish I had the portrait back!"

"You have a holiday to-day, I suppose, Mr. Sprott," continued the young lady, for the sake of saying something and putting him at his ease, "or else you would hardly be out so early?"

"I? Oh, no!

"Only I just thought I would look in and——"

"But"—with pretty reproach—"you are losing the best hours of the morning, and that is such a pity!

"I thought you were determined to be a great painter like Jack?

"How can you do that unless you work hard?

"Jack is never idle."

Freddy blushed more deeply than before and wished she would go on scolding him forever.

"Yes—no, Miss Hesketh," he stammered, "and yet he doesn't seem to make much progress with his great picture over there."

The girl paused and looked sadly at a large canvas which hung unfinished on the wall.

"No," she replied.

"Poor fellow!"

"'Cleopatra Awaiting the Visit of Octavia,' I think he calls it.

"She seems to have been waiting a long time.

"The picture is smothered in dust."

"That is because I am not tall enough to reach up to it," explained the girl eagerly.

"And Jack only laughs at me when I speak of it.

"You see him it takes all his time to paint pot-boilers, as Jack sometimes calls them, in order to keep the house; and in the meantime his great picture, of which he used to dream so fondly, remains unfinished."

"I beg your pardon," stammered poor Freddy.

"I did not mean——"

"Oh, I am sure of that," answered the girl, smiling.

"There—my strawberries are ready.

"Noel may get up as soon as he likes.

"Oh"—she ran to the door, her sweet face brightening—"here is Jack, I believe!"

It was not Jack, however, but two more idlers in velvet coats and with golden beards, who took of their hats respectfully to Miss Hesketh, and cast many admiring glances at her.

"May we come in?" said one, feeling suddenly rather ashamed of his tobacco-scented coat.

"Yes, come in," answered the girl gaily.

"But"—she put a pretty finger to her lip—"don't make a noise, for Noel is still asleep."

"Asleep at this hour!" echoed Sebastian Smythe.

"Let's wake him up!"

He was about to strike a noisy chord on the open piano; but a look from her stopped her.

"No," she said, "it always makes him so irritable—I mean so nervous—when he is roused out of his sleep.

"You know how sensitive he is."

"We do," drily assented Horngold, Smythe's companion; and he crossed to inspect the picture that stood on the easel. "By Jove, it progresses!" he exclaimed. "How hard the old boy does work!"

"Yes," said the girl archly; "Jack's labor is for the present, you know—not for the future."

"Now, Miss Hesketh, you are too cruel, I think.

"I confess I am an idle fellow!

"What is the use of making statues in this degenerate age.

"Every one is so hideously ugly?

"Suppose for instance that Freddy Sprott there were to order a bust himself, what could I do with such material?"

At this graceful witticism Sebastian laughed, but Freddy looked annoyed.

"Hang it all, Horngold!" he exclaimed, remembering the portrait under the roses.

"As for me," interrupted Sebastian, "when I offer my compositions to a brainless public they turn a deaf ear, and tell me they cannot understand the mission they convey."

"But it seems to me," said the girl, laughing, "that music has no mission, and that so long as it pleases you——"

"Ah," said Horngold gravely, "that was all very well in the antiquated days of Weber and Mozart; but we have outgrown such childish notions!

"Smythe's music does not please | any one."

"I should hope not, indeed!" cried that gentleman.

"My music is not meant to please.

"It paints, describes——"

"What?" asked Miss Hesketh, who was preparing to sit down to her work-basket.

"Anything and everything," declared Sebastian, with some warmth, "from the play of the telegraph-wires down to the most ordinary action of your life, such as—as reading the newspaper or opening an umbrella."

"Dear me!"

"For instance," continued Horngold, who loved to get Sebastian on his hobby, "suppose, Miss Hesketh, that you wanted to say to your servant—'Mary Anne, that coffee is too hot.'

"Sebastian, old fellow, oblige me by translating that phrase into music."

"With pleasure," responded Sebastian carelessly.

"Nothing easier."

And, seating himself at the piano with a shake of his long fair locks, he sang a few bars, which ended in a sort of shriek.

"Miss Hesketh did her best not to laugh; he was so very much in earnest.

"And that means 'the coffee is too hot'?" she asked, with a suspicious tremble in her voice.

Sebastian whirled round on the piano-stool.

"You don't mean to tell me," he said, aggrieved, "that you did not catch the idea? Listen to it again—'Mary Anne'"—singing—"'the coffee'"—singing—"can't you hear how plainly that expresses coffee?

"A little wild Oriental phrase with a kind of aroma about it, you know—'is too hot!'"—screaming—"and then a cry as if you had burnt yourself."

"Wonderful!" said the girl, laughing now unrestrainedly.

"I wish you would compose something that would mend my socks for me, Mr. Smythe.

"Oh"—as she sat down to her well-filled work-basket—"what lovely roses!"

Poor Freddy's heart beat with mingled emotions as the pretty girl took up his flowers and buried her fresh face among them.

And, as she did so, the portrait fell to the floor.

"Hallo," cried Horngold, picking it up, "what have we here?

"Some new adorer, Miss Hesketh?"

"No, indeed"—looking at the little picture—"I never saw it before, and I have no idea what it can be."

But Smythe read the truth in poor Freddy's burning blushes.

"Rash youth," he said, taking him solemnly aside, "what have you done?

"If Beamish should discover the truth"—a dog began to bark excitedly outside. "And here he comes!" added the composer tragically.

Laughter, sunshine, happy young faces, roses, nonsense—the little studio was full of all these as Jack Beamish came in, calling out some parting injunctions to his dog.

"Don't forget your appointment, you rascal!" he sang out in his pleasant barytone voice.

"I want you to sit to me in an hour, so none of your prowling about the neighborhood.

"Do you hear?"

He came over then to give a hand to his visitors, and to touch the bright hair of the little stocking-mender, who looked up, smiling and nodding him a welcome.

Long ago they had had breakfast together them two; but the studio never seemed the same without Jack; and she was glad to see him back.

"Warrington?" she said gently.

"He is better; and the babies have had a good breakfast, child; so now I can get to my work with an easy heart.

"Well, Sebastian, where are you and Horngold off to in those gorgeous coats?"

"Going to run down to Burnham Beeches.

"We wanted Noel to go with us; but he is asleep."

"Then let him alone," answered Jack seriously.

He was exchanging his well-worn coat for an old blouse very much stained with paint, which Madge had brought him.

"Noel says his best ideas always comes to him in his dreams; and, when a fellow has ideas like his——

"Take Freddy Sprott instead.

"He seems to have nothing particular to do."

Jack had a shrewd suspicion of the state of poor Freddy's feelings, and was apt to be a little down upon him in consequence. "What have you there, Madge?"—seeing the portrait which lay beside her roses, than which poor Freddy's cheeks were several shades redder at that moment.

"That's just what we want to know!" declared Smythe.

"Do you know that head?"

Jack took the portrait quietly into his hand and compared it with all the faces in the room.

"Are you sure it is a head?" he asked thoughtfully.

"I think it must be meant for a landscape."

More blushes from Freddy, and a peal of unfeeling laughter from Sebastian and Horngold.

"After that, we may as well be off," said Horngold.

"If we have but succeeded," added Smythe, "in making our dear Freddy thoroughly wretched we feel that we have not wholly wasted an idle hour."

And so, with a few last words to Madge, the two took themselves off, pulling Freddy with them, and, having left behind them a vague odor of tobacco, were heard running down the many flights of stairs that led to the street.

Before Madge could settle to her darning again, and while Jack was busy at his easel an inner door opened, and there entered a very handsome and sulky-looking boy in a seedy dressing-gown, who was yawning and stretching, and appeared in by no means the sweetest tempers.

"Oh, Noel," cried the girl, starting up and laying aside her work, "I hope they did not disturb you!

"I tried to keep them quiet, but——"

"That fellow Smythe is such a fool!" growled Noel.

"What on earth does he mean by coming here and kicking up such a row at this hour?"

"Hallo, Noel!" cried Jack cheerily, taking no notice of the storm-signals that were flashing.

"Up already!"

"Why shouldn't I be up as well as you?" retorted the young man irritably.

"Oh, but you know," put in Madge, "Jack and I are generally at work for hours before you appear on the domestic horizon!"

"Noel is not obliged to profit by the daylight for his work as I am," said Jack, resolutely cheerful, "nor to get breakfast like our little busy bee there!"

Madge was already preparing the table, and now rang the bell.

"How pale you are, cousin!" she said gently, as Noel flung himself down upon the sofa and took up the newspaper.

"I am afraid you have had a bad night of it."

"Wretched!"—impatiently.

"I tossed and turned and could get no rest until daybreak!"

"I see what it is," said Jack.

"He's in one of his dejected moods again.

"Give him a scolding, Madge."

"Indeed I will!" returned the girl, smiling.

"But I will tell Martha to bring him something to eat first, so as not to take him at an unfair advantage.

"You have your newspaper, Noel?

"Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes."

"Bless that child's bright face!" said Jack from his easel, as the little thing ran out of the room.

"It is not for nothing she lives so near the sun in our dingy old attic up here."

The words elicited no answer but a kind of grunt from Noel, who was buried in his newspaper.

"I say, Jack," he said presently from among his pillows, "did you ever hear of such a person as Sir Richard Gaunt?"

"Never.

"Why?"

"He's dead, that's all."

"And Noel read aloud, "The musical world has just sustained a serious loss in the person of Sir Richard Gaunt, the well-known Catholic Baronet, one of the most ardent and eccentric amateurs in England."

"A musical amateur—eh?" answered Jack, painting away steadily as he spoke. "One chance the less for you, old fellow—more's the pity!"

"Yes.

"But what a windfall for the heirs!" He went on reading.

"The fortune of the late Baronet is estimated at thirty thousand a year.

"By Jove, what luck some people have in this world!"

"So they have," assented Jack.

"You and I, for instance."

Noel threw down the paper, and looked in unaffected amazement at his friend.

"You and I!" he echoed.

"You don't consider yourself lucky?"

"Lucky!

"I should think I did.

"I have the honor to be an honest man I never bother my head about politics or the money-market.

"I don't go into society"—and he crowns it all—"I am the intimate friend of a great musician called Noel Blake.

"What could I wish for besides?"

"Money"—gloomily.

"Money?

"We've got money!"—Jack's dark eyes lit up with a laugh.

"There's a dollar and a-half in the bank, to say nothing of the twenty-five cents or so in my waistcoat-pocket.

"Money indeed, you young Sardanapalus!"

But Noel was in no humor for jesting.

He sprang up from the sofa and began to restlessly pace the narrow floor of the studio, his hands thrust into his pockets and his dressing-gown sweeping behind him.

"It is all very well for you to make light of our povery," he said bitterly.

"But when I think that I am living on your scanty earnings, that I am actually reduced to accept your bounty!"

"There you go again!" cried Jack, with invincible good humor.

"I'm a great noble creature, of course—a perfect paragon of friendship, that's understood, old boy: so say no more about it, please!"

"I tell you I can't help it!" answered the other, continuing his moody walk up and down.

"Don't I see you wasting your life, day by day, in the useless sacrifice you have undertaken?

"Do you think I am deceived by your careless words and looks, and that I haven't heard you sigh many and many a time when your eyes turn wearily from your confounded pot-boilers and fall upon the sketch of your great picture over there, that you will never find time to finish?"

"What a loss to posterity!" declared Jack laughing.

"And I'll thank you not to speak disrespectfully of my portraits.

"I'm rather proud of them myself."

"Look here, Jack!" burst forth Noel.

"I am getting discouraged; I must confess it.

"Here you are sacrificing your own work and your own life to mine; and what if the greater artist of us two should turn out to be yourself, after all?"

Jack turned round and began to speak more seriously.

It was not the first time he had to combat Noel's fits of dejection.

"The old, old story, my lad!" he said quietly.

"My works, my sacrifice!

"There 's no such great merit in all that as you seem to think.

"We had two empty purses between us, and we joined them together and made one—that's all.

"You couldn't make a decent living by your music-pupils, and yet they absorbed the time that should have been devoted to some great composition.

"I was compelled to leave my picture every now and then for one of those little commercial transactions"—touching the picture on his easel—"and neither of us seems to advance a peg."

"I know all that, but——"

"I looked the matter straight in the face.

"I said to myself, 'Noel and I have a wall to climb.

"'The ladder is long and the wind is high.

"'If we both mount together the ladder will break.

"Let Noel go up first, while I hold it steady against the wall; and, when he has reached the top, he can lend me a helping hand in return.'"

"But"—Noel's cloudy face was softening, it was not in the heart of man to resist Jack's steadfast cheerfulness and patience—"at least we could have drawn lots for the first mount."

"Nonsense, old fellow!"

Jack went back to his palette, seeing this little glimpse of sunshine.

"You are nimbler than I and more likely to rise."

"Well"—shrugging his shoulders in the seedy dressing-gown—"I am on the way at last, thanks to your holding the ladder, as you call it.

"I have found time to write a symphony which you pronounce good——"

"Great!" interrupted Jack, with decision.

"Well, great," corrected Noel, with a little dawning smile of gratification.

"And I have offered it to the Philharmonic Society for production.

"But, though it has been in their hands now for over three months, they have not condescended to give me a hearing."

"Patience—patience!" urged Jack.

"The symphony is written, and well written, too.

"It has my approval, as you are aware; and I think no small beer of my musical taste.

"Madge is charmed with it, and you remember how delighted that old man was, the 'Noble Stranger' as I call him, when he heard you play it that evening?"

Noel uttered a sound of impatience.

"Some old lunatic," he said, contemptuously.

"By Jove!

"The way that he burst into the room was decidedly suggestive of a strait jacket."

"Yes," admitted Jack, laughing.

"But the exit he made more than redeemed his character.

"'There is fifty dollars on account, Mr. Beamish,' he said when he ordered this picture, and the speech struck me as being remarkably eloquent."

"Much good that did us!

"The fifty dollars went long ago."

"Well, that was three months ago, you must remember; and then we have had Warrington's illness.

"By-the-way, his wife had no money left when I was there this morning; we must try to get her a trifle somehow.

"There, that sketch" nodding at a pretty little blue-gray landscape over his head, "would fetch a few dollars, I dare say."

Noel burst into a bitter laugh.

"Another starving genius!" he cried, flinging himself down again upon the sofa.

"It is of no use your talking, Jack; this is a miserable world!"

"Oh, I don't know!

"After all, it is not so easy to find places for scholars who all want to be at the head of the class."

But Noel went on; it was his favorite theme.

"To think," he cried, "that a set of numskulls and idiots should be rolling in riches all around us, and here we are, three men of genius—Warrington, you and myself—one of us dying of hunger, 'another can't find leisure to develop the gift Heaven gave him, and the third is denied so much as a hearing from the public.

"It is infamous!"

"I'm half afraid, Noel," he said, "that you have a grain of envy in your composition.

"Beware of that, lad!

"It is an evil weed, and it will spring up apace, and check every good growth, unless it is choked out."

Noel moved aside impatiently from the hand that was laid upon his arm.

"To hear you talk," he returned, "one would think I ought to submit tamely to being kept down."

"Who in the world is keeping you down?" retorted Jack, with a touch of impatience.

"You are obliged to wait awhile, that is all.

"You are a spoiled child, Master Noel, and you fret and fume under the suffering that is the cost of all true glory."

"You see everything through rose-colored spectacles!" declared Noel irritably.

"Well"—Smiling—"they are just as cheap as green ones, and a great deal more cheerful!"

"I suppose"—the young composer started up again from the sofa—"if Fortune were ever to knock at your door, you would shut it in her face?"

"I should if I were wise," declared Jack.

"I make a decent poor man; who knows what I might turn out if I were rich?

"Did you ever try to think what it would be not to have to plan or work for anything but to be able to gratify every caprice, no matter how unwholesome or unworthy, that entered your head?

"The bare idea frightens a fellow!"

"I only wish I had the chance!" cried the other, with a bitter little laugh.

"Well, suppose you had?" reasoned his friend.

"Suppose you were to discover a gold mine to-morrow.

"How many times could you dine the day after?

"How many pairs of boots could you wear at one time, and how many hats?"

"I should be content to dine once, I dare say," responded the lad, smiling in spite of himself, "and to wear one pair of boots; but"—he paused behind Jack's chair and laid his hand on his broad shoulders—"I could give you an order for a picture that should cost fifty thousand dollars."

"Ah!" Jack nodded his pleasure at this little speech.

"I could send ten thousand dollars to that unfortunate Warrington and his hungry babies."

"Good!"

"I would have my symphony produced in a theatre of my own."

"Bravo!"

"And"—the boy hesitated, colored, walked a few paces away, and came back to lean again on the artist's chair, so that he should not see his face—"dear old boy, I am going to lay bare my heart to you and show you the real wound that cause this fever of impatience in me—I could marry the girl I love!"

Jack turned round in half-laughing amazement.

"You are in love?" he said, with a comical kind of groan.

"Upon my soul, that is the last straw!"

"Hush!" cried Noel pettishly, for at that moment the door opened and Madge came came back, followed by old Martha and the breakfast.

CHAPTER II.

THE girl looked a little wistfully at her cousin's disturbed face.

But she said nothing as she poured out his coffee and attended to his various little wants.

Even the big strawberries which she had gone out so early to buy failed to win a smile or a word of thanks from the moody young fellow; and, finding that her little attempts at conversation were not well received, Madge went back quietly to her work-basket.

A strange sense of restraint had fallen upon the cheerful room.

Even Jack's subdued whistle, with which he was wont to accompany his work, was hushed.

The silence became positively oppressive; and at last the artist, laying aside his palette stood up and and, opened the door, called lustily for his dog.

"I am afraid he is out," said Madge.

"Shall I go and see?"

"Yes, do child"—his little ruse had succeeded; "I can't get the rascal to sit.

"He knows I am after him, and he won't show his nose inside the door.

"His modesty is very ill-timed, upon my word!"

Madge laughed, and put away her work.

"It will soon be his dinner-hour," she said.

"He will come in then.

"Van is always very punctual.

"Shall I see if I can coax him into giving you a sitting?"

"I'm afraid he'll see through all your blandishments, Madge."

Jack's gruff old voice softened in a manner very pleasant to hear as he spoke.

"However, you certainly have more influence over him than any one else, and, if you can induce him to listen to reason——"

"I'll try,' said Madge seriously.

"I will appeal to his good sense, and tell him that he is delaying your work.

"I can always reason with Van."

She ran off again; and Jack, sitting down by Noel and heaving a serio-comic sigh, said—

"Now, lad, let us have it!

"You were going to tell me about your love affair."

"That is soon done," returned Noel, pushing away his plate.

"I am in love with Madge."

The laughter died suddenly out of the older man's eyes.

"With Madge?" he repeated after a pause.

"With your cousin—our child?"

"Child!

"Madge is no child!" retorted Noel impatiently.

"She was a child when my father died and I became her guardian; but you seem to forget that five years have changed the little girl into a woman."

"Yes," said Jack mechanically, "I had forgotten that.

"But"—trying to rouse himself from the kind of stupor into which he had fallen—"what put it into your head to fall in love with her?

"She is like you, a daughter to me."

"Do people know why they fall in love?"

Jack did not notice the question.

"Do you think she suspects?" he went on.

"Has Madge any idea that you—you love her?"

"I don't know"—gloomily.

"I have never said a word, of course. What be the good?

"I am too poor to marry."

Beamish stood up, drawing a long breath.

"That's true," he assented absently. "You are too poor to marry."

"If I were only sure of my talent," pursued Noel wearily—"if I had the least encouragement to perserve, then——"

"Yes, yes"—abruptly—"but,—as your symphony has not been produced, of course you cannot be sure."

As Jack spoke he went back to his easel.

"You see," urged Noel, "I have better cause than you supposed for my impatience and discontent."

"Yes, I see."

"Jack's hand was trembling a good deal. There was another pause; then he added abruptly, "Are not you going out to get a breath of air?"

"No"—the lad flung himself down upon the crazy old sofa, "I feel blue."

"By-the-by, there is the money for Warrington's wife!

"I wish you'd take that sketch round to old Screwby's and see what he'll stand for it."

"There's no hurry," replied Noel, yawning.

"You can leave it the next time you pass by."

Jack's lips began to compress ominously under his thick grizzled beard.

"But Warrington is expecting it," he said in a voice which he would not allow to be angry.

Noel's perceptions were not very keen at the best of times, and at that moment he was even more than usually absorbed in himself and his own desires and sufferings.

"I feel good for nothing to-day," he answered carelessly, as he pulled the pillows more comfortably under his head.

"And then it seemed as if Jack's patience suddenly gave way.

"Not only to-day, by love!" he exclaimed hotly.

"You would like me to leave my work, I suppose, while you lay there on the broad of your back doing nothing?"

Noel's dreamy blue eyes opened at once to their fullest extent.

"Hang it, Jack," he said, bouncing up from among the pillows, "you needn't take that tone!"

"Well, it's true," returned his friend, now thoroughly roused.

"You expect us to coddle you all day long as if you were a girl.

"Heaven bless my soul, the man doesn't live twenty miles away!"

"All right',—stiffly—"I'm going."

"Noel stood up and began to pull off his dressing-gown.

"Where's the sketch?"

"There"—Jack nodded towards it curtly—"under my mother's miniature."

Noel completed his toilet in silence.

He looked a very handsome lad indeed, in spite of his shabby coat, when, at last he was ready to set out—slender, tall, fair, the greatest contrast that could possibly have been found to poor old Jack's broad shoulders and tired face and dark grizzled beard. It was with something of the air of a prince in disguise that he took down the little sketch and disdainfully tucked it under his arm.

"Old Screwby would be more likely to stand something on the miniature," he said sulkily.

"The frame would go a long way with him."

"I dare say."

"Jack was painting away for dear life, but his hand was shaking still.

"But I have never parted with it yet, and I have been in some sore scrapes before now."

"You needn't remind me of the fact," retorted Noel loftily.

"I am only too well aware that I have been the chief cause of them"—with which speech he went out and slammed the door behind him.

As he disappeared, the brush fell from the artist's hand, and he stood up with an impatient exclamation.

"Idle, useless, selfish fellow!" he muttered between his teeth.

"He thinks he is to take all and give nothing.

"This is what comes of devoting oneself, body and soul to one of those vacillating natures.

"This is the gratitude——"

"Jack Beamish checked himself abruptly.

"What ails me?" he thought, passing his hand wearily across his eyes.

"Why am I so hard upon the lad?

"Can it be that I——

"Pooh, nonsense!"—he broke into a somewhat forced laugh. "That would be a good joke.

"Jack Beamish in love!

"Ah, no, love is not meant for fellows like me.

"What is there in me to take any girl's fancy?

"No, I was born to play uncle in some other man's nursery, and"—a sigh followed upon the laugh—"only let me see Noel happy and famous, and I will be content to find my happiness and my glory in applauding his works and dancing his children upon my knee."

A suspicious dimness was upon the poor fellow's eyes as he went back with a resolute air to his easel.

"Stop whining, you selfish brute," he said, half aloud, "and get back to your work.

"By George, it was about time this confidence of Noel's came to open my eyes! I don't know where I had not been wandering in my stupid selfish dreams of late. However"—with an attempt at briskness—"that is all over now—all over and done with."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

◆

SENATOR Davis refused to permit a poor young lawyer to pay court to his ward, a young lady of wealth, "not because of his poverty, but for the reason that he was in the habit of incurring needles debts, without knowing or caring how he was to pay them."

◆

QUEEN VICTORIA has at length consented to admit that "she is growing old," for the new Egyptian medal that she recently distributed represents her face of 1882, and not of 1842, as it has appeared on the stamp coins and medals.

Scientific and Useful.

THE HAIR.—To prevent the hair from falling out, apply once a week a wash made of one quart of boiling water, one ounce of pulverized borax, and half an ounce of powdered camphor. Rub on with a sponge or piece of flannel.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BOTTLES.—Corn-meal, heated and placed in bags, is recommended as a substitute for hot-water bottles and such-like appliances for restoring warmth to the sick. It is said to weigh less, retain heat longer, and does not chill when cold.

TIMBER.—Timber, under certain conditions, is perhaps as incombustible as any building-material that could be named. It is only when wood is soft and cut up into slices that it easily ignites; the harder kinds obdurately resist the action of heat or flame, and, when used in considerable thickness, the only effect produced by fire is the charring of the surface.

ALUM AND FIRE.—It has been found that water saturated with alum is remarkably efficient in extinguishing fires. This property is supposed to be due to the coating it gives to the objects wet with it, which prevents contact with the oxygen of the air, and thus retards combustion. It is reported that, as an experiment, French firemen are to be quite extensively supplied with instruments for throwing such solutions of alum.

SHOP-WINDOWS.—A prominent German paper recommends a remedy for an evil which shopkeepers and housekeepers have long experienced—namely, the fading or bleaching of many kinds of colored articles when exposed to the light through windows. The authority quoted says that this fading or bleaching is brought about only by the white rays of the sun's light, and, when it occurs, it shows that the glass is more or less perfectly colorless. It is found that if, instead of such colorless glass, the window-panes consist of glass which is slightly yellow, the bleaching or fading process is prevented. Where the glass is colorless, and cannot be replaced by slightly yellowish-tinted glass, the desired effect may, it is said, be produced by simply giving the panes a coating of copal varnish.

EXERCISE.—In a recent lecture before the Edinburgh Health Society, Dr. Charles Cathcart pointed out the important part that physical exercise played in the development of the young man, and laid down these rules for its regulation: 1. Physical exercise should be conducted in an abundance of fresh air, and in costumes allowing free play to the lungs, and of a material that will absorb the moisture, and which, therefore, should be afterward changed—flannel. 2. There should always be a pleasant variety in the exercise, and an active mental stimulus to give interest at the same time. 3. The exercise should as far as possible involve all parts of the body and both sides equally. 4. When severe in character, the exercises should be begun gradually and pursued systematically, leaving off at first as soon as fatigue is felt. 5. For young people the time of physical and mental work should alternate, and for the former the best part of the day should be selected. 6. Active exertion should be neither immediately before nor immediately after a full meal.

Farm and Garden.

CORN.—Corn will shrink from the time it is husked from the field or shock, in the autumn, in well-protected cribs, from 20 to 30 per cent. by spring; that is, 100 bushels will shrink to 70 or 80, according to how dry it was when husked and put into the crib. Sound corn will shrink 20 per cent., so that 40 cents per bushel as it comes from the field is as good as 50 cents in the spring, says an observer.

THE CANKER WORM.—The female moths of the canker worm cannot fly, but as they hatch out on warm days at the beginning of spring, they crawl up the bodies of apple trees to deposit their eggs. Hence it is of no use setting traps for them to fly into; but a band around the tree filled with tar or printers' ink, will stop their progress, and with some watchfulness they may be easily destroyed.

GIVING MEDICINE.—The following is the safest method of giving medicine to dogs or pigs, in a liquid form: Tie the mouth, and have him held firmly. Then drew out the cheek, which acts as a tunnel, and pour down the fluid. If he clenches the teeth so as to exclude the liquid, put a bit of wood between them. In giving a bolus or ball, one person should hold the animal between his knees.

WEEDS AND INSECTS.—Fence corners with their mass of brush and weeds afford secure retreat for such troublesome insects as live through the winter, and for the deposit of eggs of others ready to hatch out in early spring the larvæ prepared to engage in depredations upon the first plants that appear. Fire puts an end to most of these, and thus the destroying element lessens the labor and saves the crops of the farms.

FROZEN PLANTS.—Those who have window plants cannot always keep the temperature of the room sufficiently high at night to make sure that no harm will come to them by frost. Where it is feared that they may freeze, it will be well to cover them at night, either with a sheet, or with newspapers, which are quite as good. It is not difficult to arrange a covering by the use of strings and sticks to hold the papers up above the plants.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.
SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 20, 1883.

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TEACHING THE YOUNG.

Many parents who undertake or superintend the education of their own children, are tormented by an over-anxiety, which but evinces their sad want of judgment, whilst it is a hindrance to that real mental progress which they so ardently desire to see going on in their offspring. This over-anxiety is a feeling completely at variance with that quiet solicitude, whose distinguishing feature is calm hopefulness, accompanied by a cautious, persevering spirit, far removed from that near-sighted, fussy feeling of accountableness, displayed by egotists, who take the whole burden and responsibility upon themselves.

The feelings of children are so inconceivably delicate and just, that we should respect their natural development, gradually and almost as imperceptibly, as the unfolding of a rose-bud. Yet how many adults commence "educating" with a vague notion that children are ill-organized beings, whom it is their business in some sort to remodel; and whilst denouncing the Chinese custom of flattening the heads of their infants between boards, in order to produce that oval shape so much admired in the Celestial Empire, these people complacently set to work to perform a similar operation upon the minds of their own hopeless charge.

Primary education should be considered rather as a developing than an engrafting system. We should remember that the little one has, at starting, one great advantage over us—it stands upon the threshold of life without one prejudice, it owes the world no grudge, nor any human being therein.

How loving and how trusting is a child! Unless perverted, trusting and loving it remains. Let us not lightly pass over this elemental love—this first fact so beautiful and blessed; here are we brought at once into contact with the fundamental and most ennobling affection that stirs and expands the soul; here we encounter a pure breeze, fresh from Paradise. This is the sacred fire, whose flame should be jealously guarded; this is the pure leaven; this is the lever with which we may lift the world; its fulcrum is in the strong will and sound judgment of man.

How vitally active and inquisitive is a child, running hither and thither on the threshold of its new life—see how it enjoys the precious gift. Listen to its original prattle; and since we cannot reply to all its queries, we will ponder them in our hearts, world-worn, weary men; for the time being, the child shall be our tutor. We must go cautiously, lest we inadvertently maim or wound his spirit, and there be war between us, and thenceforth every link in the social chain should grate.

Let the light, the breeze, and the dews from heaven freely visit the plants of earth; allow them to open their own blossoms to the sun. Would you destroy, because it is not the bud you expected, the flower for which you looked, or the fruit for which you toiled?

Let all share those genial influences that make life pleasant, and instead of wild wastes and barren shrubs, the earth will bear more palm-trees and golden shrubs, the men and women shall walk erect in the presence of one another feeling that they are more perfect men and women.

SANCTUM CHAT.

SOME mean man says it would be a blessing to let women vote. While they were talking politics they wouldn't be gossipping.

—

THE Earl of Dudley, who derives more from minerals than any other man in England, and whose income has oftentimes in good years approached $5,000,000, has for some time been in a mental condition bearing on imbecility. Consequently his wife and children live very quietly, and as he may last for years, the accumulation of money threatens to become enormous.

—

A CITY ordinance in Atlanta, Ga., makes it a misdemeanor punishable by fine for a man to cry fire in the street. What a householder does at night when he wakes up and finds his house in a blaze is not stated, but it is believed that the only course open for him is to get out of bed, dress himself, go to the nearest engine-house, and, rousing the sleeping firemen, apologize for disturbing them, and inquire gently if they will kindly take the trouble to come down to his place and extinguish the conflagration. This is certainly preferable to the plan that prevails elsewhere of raising a brutal noise and rousing up the whole neighborhood with yells and the clanging of fire-bells.

—

SCHUBERT, the musical composer, was, like Mozart, unable to sell his compositions for anything like remunerative prices. He often depended upon his brother for a roll, some apples, or a few pennies. Within a year of his death he hadn't money enough to buy his dinner, and was forced to sell one of his great works for less than $5, and his songs at twenty-five cents each. The estimated value of his whole effects at death amounted to less than $10.

—

A FAMOUS Brooklyn preacher says: "In these days a fashionable church is a place where, after a careful toilet, a few people come in, sit down, and, what time they can get their minds off their stores, or away from the new style of hat in the seat before them, listen in silence to the minister, warranted to hit no man's sins, and to the choir, who are agreed to sing tunes that nobody knows, and having passed away an hour in dreamy longing, go home feeling somewhat refreshed."

—

THE Superintendent of the Boston Public Schools says: "The great need of our country is more education of the heart." Another eminent teacher says: "Hearts grow by exercise, just as arms and muscles do. The boy who is doing kind acts forty times a day to dependent creatures about him, is growing not only happier but better. Of about seven thousand children carefully taught kindness to animals in one English school, not one was ever charged with a criminal offense in any court."

—

A CURIOUS charity is conducted by a German benevolent society which has a large number of branches in Northern Germany and the Rhenish provinces. The society places in every cafe to which it is allowed access a tray upon which smokers drop the ends of their cigars which they have cut off before lighting them. The tobacco thus collected is sold, and with the proceeds clothes are bought for poor children. The branches of the society are steadily increasing in number, and have, in fact, doubled within the last three years.

—

AN incident in connection with the floods in the south of France brings into striking relief the rigor with which rules are enforced by the directors of French railways. A freight train was stopped between two points, unable to proceed or go back, the fires having been put out by the water. The rules of the French railway company in question say that the responsibility of driver stoker and guard only cease when their arrival has been duly certified at their destination. The three officials, therefore, had to stick to their fireless train till the subsidence of the waters. Food was brought to them in boats, so that they did not starve; but they were nearly dead with cold.

—

A SINGULAR sale and transfer of a wife by her husband, with her full consent, has been discovered in Massachusetts. Alfred Jenkins, a farmer, sold his wife to a neighbor, the consideration being $500. He then sold his other property and left the neighborhood, leaving his better half in possession of her purchaser. The transfer was done as though the men had simply traded horses. Jenkins, in conversation, said he wanted to move away, and was not able to take his wife. Glidewell said he was tired of living without a wife, and was willing to buy her if Jenkins would be willing to sell. The latter named $500, and after further conversation, the transfer was agreed upon. Mrs. Jenkins was consulted and cheerfully agreed to the sale. She at once took her effects and went to Glidewell's house, where she is now living, and seems perfectly contented.

—

IN some places in Europe steel bars are used in preference to bells, supplanting them sometimes altogether in church-steeples, and producing very pure, distinct and melodious sounds. An English writer even advocates their general use, on the ground that while in point of sonorousness they are equal to the common bell, in certain other respects they are to be preferred to it. The weight will be light in comparison to the ponderous objects they are to replace, they will not burden the steeple so much, and consequently will give more scope for architectural design; their fixing and hanging up will not be difficult, dangerous and expensive; they are not liable to crack, as is the case with bells, and are, therefore, adapted for use in any climate; they can also be operated by a simple mechanical contrivance. They are also much cheaper than bells.

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THE business of life insurance companies affords a pretty good index of the saving powers of a people—that is to say, of the ability of the "bread winners" to put by something from their daily wages for the support of their families when death has put an end to their daily labors. An English work on life insurance says that in France there are twenty companies assuring four hundred million dollars; in Germany, fifty companies assuring five hundred million dollars, and in England one hundred and seven companies, assuring more than two thousand million dollars. Full returns of the United States are not given, but that it exceeds those given for the countries above named may be judged from the fact that New York alone has thirty companies assuring one thousand five hundred million dollars. Connecticut and Pennsylvania are other States having very large life insurance interests, and there is besides a great development in this country of insurance Orders which manage their business on the co-operative plan, and do not appear in life insurance statistics.

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A PRETTY girl presented herself the other day at a clinic in one of the hospitals of Vienna, and asked to be examined, explaining that she had suddenly become deaf in one ear, and none of her friends could account for the unexpected affliction. One of professors kindly replied that he would see what he could do, and accordingly began to question her as to the circumstances immediately attending the appearance of her deafness. After much hesitation, and with many blushes, or rather one prolonged blush, the girl at last confessed that when her lover returned after a long absence he took her in his arms, and, pressing his mouth to her ear, conferred upon that organ a most intense and vigorous kiss. At that instant she felt a sharp pain, and had been deaf ever since. The professor made an examination, and found that the drum of the ear had actually been ruptured, and there is no reason to doubt that the kiss did it. The only consolation suggested after recording this painful accident, is that it need never be repeated, if ardent lovers will only remember that a kind Providence has provided a feature far more kissable than the ear, and which no amount of osculatory demonstration has ever been known to injure.

—

GEORGE D. PRENTICE once wrote: "To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime; for the moon and the stars see more evil in a single hour that the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all composed of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to its mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of the pitiless city, and stands homeless amid a thousand homes, the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him; and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is a home to the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you to converse with men who will influence you with their wisdom and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits in the middle ages were exercised and driven away by bell, book and candle, and you want but two of these agents—the book and the candle."

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I passed round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

No Longer Poor.

BY H. C.

IN the library at Barton Towers the young mistress sat alone.

Her hands were folded listlessly in her lap; her eyes, dreamy and dark, gazing into the fire before her; her slight, graceful figure almost lost to sight in the great arm-chair she had drawn before the ruddy blaze.

The light in the room was dim and uncertain; but it served, aided by the glimmer of the fire, to reveal the wonderful beauty of the sad young face.

Sad, spite of the fact that, looking out from the warmly-curtained windows, the broad acres without, far as the eye could reach, and far beyond, were hers in undisputed right and title, even as the grand old house was hers, with all its myriad belongings of art, and luxurious taste; with its attachments of greenhouses and conservatories; with its stables and kennels—sad, rather, because of her ownership.

A month before, she had owned no jot or tittle of it all, yet had been richer far; her kingdom a doting father's heart.

To-day, with all her wealth, she was poor indeed, for another grave had been made in the family lot, and Douglas Vere, the last male decendant of his name, had been laid to his last rest.

Nora was alone in the world, save for one aunt, a sister of her mother, who had come to share her home and grief.

She it was who now, softly entering the room, called the girl's name.

Starting from her reverie, she hastily brushed two slow-falling tears from her white cheeks.

“Alone again, my dear?” said the elder woman kindly, yet with an accent of reproach.

“Yes,” replied the girl.

“I was thinking of papa.

“Oh, auntie! how shall I ever do without him?

“All this responsibility lies upon me like a heavy load.

“I am so young, so in experienced, so ignorant.”

“It was of this I came to talk with you, Nora.

“Already questions have been put to me regarding the outside management, which I could not answer, and about which I knew you were equally ignorant.

“This, too, is but the beginning; but it suggested to my mind a plan, for whose carrying into effect I only await your sanction.

“We must have some one thoroughly capable to manage your affairs—some one who will command respect and obedience, and to whom you can thoroughly give your confidence, and delegate an authority equal to your own.

“It occurred to me that Ralston Thorne would be very glad to accept such a post.

“His father's death last year left him, you know, a ruined man.

“He died entirely bankrupt, and Ralston insisted upon sacrificing the small fortune left him by his mother to clearing his dead father's name and credit.

“How does the idea strike you, my dear Nora?”

The girl's head was turned, so that only the firelight saw the deep crimson flushes which mounted to her brow.

“It is impossible aunt!” she said, in a low stifled voice.

“Suggest any one else, and I shall be most happy to accept his service.”

“But why impossible, my child?” pursued Mrs. Field, in a low tone of surprised remonstrance.

“He is a third cousin on your father's side.

“The position is not in any sense a menial one, and the emolument would be of real service to him.

“It seems to me we could find no one else so fitting.”

“Again I say, aunt Kate, it is impossible!” answered the girl, still with carefully averted face.

“But that you may not think me capricious and unreasonable, I will be frank with you.

“More than two years ago papa wrote to Mr Thorne, who it seems had been as a boy a great favorite with him, inviting him to visit us.

“At the same time he wrote to his father that it—that if Ralston and I fell in love with each other, it would carry out his pet ambition.

“Papa read me his answer.

“He was already quite in love with my picture, he said, and did not doubt the original would prove more charming.

“It was very, very foolish of papa, of course; but having no son, he hated to think of the property passing into other hands, and Ralston, he knew, would be willing to assume the old name.

“Well, the time was fixed for his visit, and I must confess I was a little curious to see him, though I had made up my mind never to fall in love with him.

“I did not care to have my lover picked out for me by somebody else.

“However, it was just at this time the crash came in the financial world, speedily followed by his father's death.

“Papa wrote to him then, begging he would still come to us, and offering him any assistance in his power.

“He wrote, entirely refusing every offer, and showing a pride not only inexcusable, but under the circumstances almost antagonistic.

“He had the audacity to add 'that since we had never seen each other, there could be no disappointment—to either.'

“Papa was very angry at the way in which his overtures were treated.

“It is singular that only yesterday I found a letter in his desk, sealed and addressed to Mr. Thorne, which I forwarded by to-day's post.”

“And which I hope you will follow to-morrow by one of your own, asking him to accept this post.

“He will, of course, fully understand the past is buried, and that your future relations can be purely those of business and strict adherence to the rules of friendship.

“It certainly would be infinitely more agreeable to have a gentleman a member of our household than a mere man of business about the premises.

“Besides, it is absolutely essential to have one in whom you can repose entire confidence.”

“Very well.

“You may write to him.

“I assure you it will be love's labor lost, since a curt and blunt refusal will be your reward.

“Were I not sure of this, I would never give my consent.”

A prophecy, in this instance, doomed to be destroyed, for the short reply Ralston Thorne deigned to the letter Mrs. Field lost no time in despatching contained his acceptance of the offer.

Within a month he had taken up his regular line of duty, and already things were going on as they had done in the master's time.

He and Nora rarely met except at meal-times, and then their intercourse was confined to a few short phrases dictated by courtesy.

Very seldom the grey eyes met those of the darkest blue, which looked out so frankly from beneath their black-fringed lids.

They were handsome eyes, the girl was fain to confess, and lent light and beauty to the straight, aquiline features, and tall manly form.

He would have been handsome, she said, but that an expression of pride marred and destroyed his beauty.

He had been an inmate of the household two months, when one morning Nora, hearing frantic cries from a little pet spaniel which belonged to her, rushed to the door, to find it writhing in the grasp of one of the stable-dogs.

But someone else had also heard the cry of distress, and hastened to the rescue.

With hasty strides, Ralston had reached the side of the unequal combatants, and rescued the unhappy little victim.

Taking him tenderly in his arms, he took him to his young mistress.

“I fear his leg is broken,” he gently said.

“If you will allow me, I will set it for you.

“I am quite a surgeon among animals,” he said.

He addressed her more naturally than he had ever before done.

For a few minutes, as both bent over the little sufferer, they seemed to forget the barrier between them.

Once their hands touched as she helped him to adjust the bandages, and both started as if guilty of some wrong.

“Thank you very much!” she said, when he had finished, and put the poor little beast in his basket-bed.

“Do not thank me,” he hastily answered.

“It was but the duty the performance of which alone insures me a welcome here, but for which thanks are unneeded.”

He turned abruptly away.

Nora was about to speak, but checked herself with a vivid blush.

“I hate such pride!

“It is but another word for egotism,” she murmured.

Then she bent again over the little sufferer, who looked up into her face with a pleading, wistful, almost human glance.

“He is kinder to you than to me, Carlo,” was the swift thought which crossed her mind.

The next morning he met her in the hall.

“I am sorry to trouble you with business details, Miss Vere,” he said, “but if you will give me an hour in the library, I find there are certain matters about which it is necessary to consult you.”

“I am quite satisfied with anything your judgment approves,” she said.

“Nevertheless I must have your sanction,” he insisted, with a quiet dignity which made further objection puerile, if not discourteous.

She listened at first abstractedly to the plan she unfolded so clearly, but little by little her interest grew.

The next week, of her own free will, she asked him to tell her of their progress.

Sometimes she rode or walked with him to the various sites where improvements were being made.

True, they talked of nothing beyond the role to which he so strictly adhered, but as the weeks wore away she began to ask herself the question, what should she have done had Ralston refused to obey her summons?

What should she have done?

What should she do? rather, was the absorbing query as, one morning, a year after her father's death, she found beside her breakfast plate a short note from Ralston Thorne, stating that as all things were now in such practicable shape that any capable man could manage equally as well as himself, he begged to resign the post she had so generously extended to him.

Over and over again she read the lines which came to her with a shock all unforeseen.

With the letter in her hand, and obeying an impulse she could not resist, she went into the library, where he sat bending over some papers.

“I have come to ask you to reconsider your decision,” she said abruptly.

“It is impossible,” he replied, rising at her entrance, and standing with his hands resting on the back of the chair he had just vacated.

“And why impossible?” she persisted.

“No one else can fill your place.

“Indeed you must not leave us.”

“I am sorry if my going inconveniences you,” he answered—and she saw that his face was very pale, though his tone was quiet and calm—“but my decision is irrevocable.”

The last word he uttered struck upon her ear like a knell.

She turned to leave the room, but paused upon the threshold of the door.

“I sent you a letter from papa a year ago,” she said.

“I have never asked you its contents.

“Will you tell me them?”

He took from his pocket a worn envelope, and held it towards her.

“Warning you that it will be to you most distasteful, you shall yet read it, if you will, for yourself.”

“Dear Ralston,” were the first words on the sheet, “I am an ill, a dying man, and with me dies the last of my old name, unless you will carry out the cherished plans you so wilfully crushed two years ago. Your mother was a Vere. You have a right to assume her name and mine; yet I have another, and a dearer hope. You know it well. Pride alone is the barrier between my little girl and yourself. Should you see her, it could not exist. You could not know her, and not love her. When I am gone, Ralston, she will be alone in the world. Whether you see fit to carry out my wishes or not, I make of you a dying man's request—that you will come to the old home and learn to know my Nora, if only for the claim of kinship.”

She could read no more; tears blinded her eyes.

The humiliation was too great.

He showed her this letter to prove to her how wrong her father had been—how easy a thing it was to be near her, and yet care for her as little as though they had never met.

This, too, accounted for his acceptance of the post she had offered him; he had but obeyed a duty to the dead.

“I can say no more, Mr. Thorne,” she murmured—“only that it would have been more generous to have spared me this humiliation.

“Papa meant it for the best. He did not know——”

She paused, hesitating, with a crimson blush.

“He did not know the bitter ordeal to which he condemned me,” interposed Ralston, drawing his breath short and quick.

“He was right—to be near you is to love you!

“To love you is——”

He stopped, and the slight chair on which he leaned snapped under the tension of his grasp.

A new light crept into Nora's eyes.

She glided to his side and laid one little trembling hand upon his arm.

“To love me, did you say?” she whispered.

“Oh, Ralston, my love!”

“But I am a beggar, Nora!” he said, a little later.

“A beggar!” she answered; “and too proud to sue for alms?

“It is I, then, who will turn beggar; it is I who have no pride.

“Without your love, Ralston, I should be beggared indeed.

“See, dear!

“I ask the crumbs, if need be.

“Will you send me away hungry, because I have gold and yet starve?”

He caught her to his heart then, she nestling there content; then he stooped and gathered the alms she proffered straight from the young, red lips, whose sweetness and whose fragrance belonged to him by royal right for evermore.

In sooth, he was “no longer poor.”

Suited for Life.

BY C. H. R.

“NO hotel?” said Mr. Percival Payne.

“Nothing in the shape of one,” answered his friend, Lucius Warden, with the subdued triumph of one who announces a startling fact.

“I never heard of such a thing in my life,” said Payne.

“Nor I either,” serenely remarked Warden.

“But how do you account for it?” demanded the would-be tourist, smiting his forehead in despair.

“I don't account for it at all,” said Mr. Warden, surveying the nails which he had just been trimming with his penknife, “except that nobody knows anybody about the place as yet.

“There's a factory—wall-paper, I believe, or something of that sort—and a cigar-shop, and a beer-shop, two thread-and-needle stores, and a post office where the mails come twice a week; and there's the river, all carpeted over with water-lilies, and half-a-dozen glorious little trout-streams running into it, and the finest bit of scenery you ever saw.

“But there's no hotel!”

“But where's a fellow to stay?” helplessly demanded Payne.

“Get an outfit and camp-out, as I did,” said Warden cheerfully.

“A blanket, a canvas tent, with pegs and loops, a little boat for fishing purposes, a ——”

“But I don't enjoy camping-out,” vehemently remonstrated Payne.

“It is all very well for those who like it, but I'm not one of that sort.

“I like four good walls, a feather pillow, and regular meals served three times a day.”

“Well then, look here,” said Lucius Warden.

“Go to the Widow Buck's.

“She takes boarders now and then.”

“Who is the Widow Buck?” asked Payne.

“That I don't know,” replied his friend.

“And where does she live?”

“There you have me again.”

“Man alive! are you crazy?” despairingly questioned Payne. “How am I to find her?”

“Inquire,” calmly responded Mr. Warden, as he shut up his knife and replaced it in his vest pocket.

“Go to Mailzie Ford—eleven A. M. train—stage-coach—through in one day.

“Ask for the Widow Buck's.

“Bless my heart! nothing in the wide world could be easier.

“I always heard that people got good fare there and comfortable beds.

“And Mailzie Ford is a perfect little Paradise, when once you get there.”

“Well,” said Payne dejectedly, “it seems a wild goose chase, but I've a mind to try it.

“A man can but come back again.”

It was rather early in the season for a summer holiday, but Percival Payne, being a bachelor of independent fortune and cultivated tastes, felt that he could do as he pleased.

And it was rather a luxury to anticipate the first mad rush of travel, when all the seats are engaged, the cosy corners taken, and the most desirable points of observation usurped.

So he packed his valise, did up his fishing-tackle, laid in a great store of crayons and sketching-paper, and started for Mailzie Ford

Of course, the train was late—trains always are late—and it was four o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Payne found himself perched up in an open wagon, alongside of two trunks, a package of goods for the village store, a mail-bag, and a pretty girl, with eyes as soft as black pools of water, and one of those odd, fringy hats of black straw, all covered with loops and ribbon, that make people look so picturesque.

“Where do we meet the stage?” said Mr. Payne, as he settled himself so as to inconvenience his pretty neighbor as little as possible.

The driver stared at him.

“This is the stage,” said he.

“Get up, Sorrel!”

Mr. Payne stared.

“But stages have tops,” said he.

“This stage doesn't,” said the driver.

It was rather a trying situation—steep up-hill part of the way, and steep down-hill the rest, with the goods and the mail-bag alternately tumbling into Mr. Payne's lap, and the pretty girl laughing in her sleeve at his embarrassment.

“I'm very rude, I know,” said she; “but if you'd just tie those goods to the back of the wagon, with your fishing-line, they wouldn't trouble you.”

“A very good idea!” said Mr. Payne briskly.

“Thanks, very much, for suggesting it.”

“I've traveled over this road before,” said the pretty girl, laughing.

“Are you going to Mailzie Ford?” said Mr. Payne, with a sudden gleam of animation.

“No,” said the pretty girl.

“To Catley's Dam.”

“Perhaps you know something about Mailzie Ford?” hazarded our hero.

“Oh, yes!” said the nymph with the dark eyes.

“It's a lovely place!

“I used to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's.”

“Do you know the Widow Buck?” asked Payne.

“Very well,” nodded the pretty girl.

"I'm going there to look for a lodging," said Mr. Payne.

"I hope you will be suited," said the girl.

And then they began to talk about the tall, blue-crested mountains, which were beginning to close in around them.

The dewy-eyed damsel had read Longfellow; she was even "up" in Ruskin, and she expressed herself with grace and spirit, which set Mr. Payne to wondering if all the girls in these parts were equally cultivated and beautiful.

And then the bundle tumbled down again and had to be tightened anew, and by that time they had come to a house in the midst of a lonely belt of woods, which the driver said was "Catley's Dam," upon which the pretty girl disappeared into the purple twilight, and Mr. Payne and the "goods" went on, sorrowful, much jolted, and alone.

A glimpse of the beautiful river by moonlight; the cry of a wild bird in the woods; the noise of hidden cascades; a blur of lighted windows, which the driver said was the factory; down a blind lane, and checking the tired horses at a one-storied stone-house behind a wall of fir trees, and then the Jehu cried out—

"Now, then, here we be! Widow Buck's!"

Mr. Payne got stiffly out, and helped to unload the various paraphernalia of travel which belonged to him.

"Perhaps you had better wait," said he, as the driver turned and chirruped to his horse.

"What for?" said the man.

"In case Mrs. Buck should not be able to accommodate me, or——"

"Oh, it's all right!" shouted the driver. "She'll take you in. Naomi would have told you else."

And away he drove, leaving our hero alone, with a pile of baggage at his feet, and a gaunt dog smelling at the skirts of his coat.

"Who's Naomi?" said Mr. Payne, addressing the moon. "And what would she have told me?"

He raised the old-fashioned door-knocker and rattled it briskly.

The great dog, aroused to a sense of his duty, left off sniffing and began barking furiously.

Presently a tall, thin woman, with a red pocket-handkerchief tied on her head, and a kerosene lamp in her hand, opened the door.

"Oh," said she, peering sharply at him, "you're the young man from town, are you?"

With the initiative thus taken out of his hands, Mr. Payne could only incline his head.

"Are all these traps yours?" said the widow, abruptly.

"Yes, madam, they are," Mr. Payne admitted.

"Humph!" said the widow, "it seems to me pretty tolerably cheeky of you, mister, to take it for granted you'd be asked to stay."

"I thought——"

"I'm talking now," said the widow, sharply.

"To begin at the beginning, we don't know anything about you.

"You may be a burglar or a counterfeiter for aught we know."

"My reference——"

"Yes, I know," said the widow; "and the references are most likely forged. But I'm willing to be reasonable. How old are you?"

And Mr. Payne, secretly wondering if this was the way they managed things here, answered meekly—

"Two and thirty."

"Ever been married before?" questioned the widow.

"Certainly not, madam. I am a single man!" answered Mr. Payne, with a very justifiable spark of indignation in his manner.

"Any business?" again questioned his catechist.

"None, madam."

"Well, I like that!" said the widow, with a scornful sniff. "Like your impudence, to come here and own to such a disgrace as that! Expect to live on me, eh?"

"My dear madam!" gasped poor Mr. Payne.

"How do you suppose you are going to keep my Naomi, even if I allowed you to marry her?" sharply went on the woman, "which I shan't do—and don't you think it!"

"She don't care the least bit for you, anyway.

"When she heard you was coming, she made up her mind to get off at Catley's Dam, just to get rid of the sight of you. There!

"So just pick up your traps and go back again the way you came. You will never be a son-in-law of mine!"

But while Widow Buck was volubly uttering these last glib sentences, a faint light began to dawn upon Mr. Payne's semi-obscured brain.

"I think, Mrs. Buck," said he, "that you are laboring under a delusion. My name is Percival Payne.

"I am from Middlehampton.

"I was recommended here, as an eligible boarding place, Mr. Warden of 15 Peppermint Place."

Mrs. Buck nearly dropped the lamp in consternation.

"Well, I never!" said she, instantly flinging the door wide open. "Please walk in, sir.

"I'll send the boy out after your trunks in half a minute.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure, for mistaking you for John Driggs, from Lowell, that is coming here after my daughter, Naomi.

"She works in the Lowell Mills.

"How could I have made such a blunder! Do walk in, sir."

And Mr. Payne was promptly introduced to a delightful little "interior" of red carpet, a round table spread for tea, shaded lamplight, and a fire of logs burning on an open hearth, to keep out the damp of the summer evening.

After ten o'clock, when the wearied traveler was in bed, in a pretty little room, where there was an eight-day clock in a cherry-wood case, and a carpet made of woven rags, he heard the opening and shutting of doors below, the sound of a familiar voice—the voice of his black-eyed traveling companion.

"Well, mother, did he come?" she asked.

"John didn't come," said the Widow Buck, "but a young man from the city came.

"And would you believe it, Naomi, I took him for John, and peppered away at him fearfully."

"What will he think?" cried the softer young voice.

"I asked his pardon, of course," said the old lady. "And he took it all as a joke."

And when John Driggs, the next day, put in an appearance, he was summarily dismissed.

While Mr. Percival Payne and the fair Naomi were trout-fishing in the cool woods below.

For Naomi knew all about the haunts and nooks of the neighborhood, and handled a fishing-rod skilfully.

Mr. Payne liked Maizie Ford, and stayed there all the summer.

And, as there were several boarders in the old stone house, Naomi concluded not to return to factory-life in the Lowell Mills, but to stay and help her mother with the house-work.

And when the autumn came she was engaged—to Mr. Percival Payne.

"The sweetest wild flower in all the Northern woods," he wrote enthusiastically to his friend Warden.

Warden went up to Maizie Ford.

He was introduced to Miss Naomi. He agreed with his friend.

"She's a little jewel," said he. "You're a lucky fellow, Payne. But I didn't know, when you wrote to me, that you were so well suited with the accommodations here——"

"That I was suiting myself for life," interrupted Payne. "But you see that such was the fact."

Not Very Angry.

BY D. M.

GRANDMA HARRIS was wrapping up the delicious golden balls of her own make of butter in fragrant snowy linen cloths, and mentally calculating what the butter and the cottage cream, and the four pair of fat chickens, and the half-dozen pumpkins, and the four barrels of apples ought to bring in the market when grandfather went to town in the big wagon the next day.

And just as she had about decided that, with good luck, they ought to be able to buy the piano for Bessie by Christmas, there came a step alongside, and she looked up, to see Frank Merrivale, tall, handsome, with his fall overcoat wearing a rosebud and a spray of bovardia, and his soft felt hat pushed off his forehead.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Frank?" grandma Harris said, patting a butter-ball lovingly as she laid it beside a dozen others in the long shallow basket.

"It is I, grandma.

"What are you doing?

"Give me a taste.

"Don't you know I used always to help you get the butter ready for market?

"I haven't forgotten how to tell if it is salt enough."

"Of course you haven't forgotten since you have been such a fine city gentleman.

"Much you care for anything down here in the country nowadays."

She twinkled him a look from behind her silver-rimmed glasses, whose roguishness slowly changed to solicitous concern as, for the first time since her "boy" had been home to the farm for a month's visit, she noticed a paler look than she liked to see on his face, and a certain unhappy look in his eyes.

"What's the matter Frank?" she finished suddenly, laying down her last pat of butter, and looking steadily at him.

He answered her look with a little forced laugh.

"The matter—with me?

"Why, bless your dear old soul, grandma, there's nothing whatever the matter with me.

"Don't I eat and sleep like a ploughman?"

"Do you, Frank?

"Honor bright, dear—isn't there anything amiss with you?"

"Not physically, at all events," he said gaily.

Then, as suddenly as gravely, he added—

"I don't mind telling you, grandma—it's—Lulu Carroll."

"Lulu Carroll!

"Has she been tormenting you, my dear Frank?

"Tell me the whole truth; now, mind," she said solemnly.

"There's not very much to tell," he said, with another constrained little laugh.

"She doesn't care anything whatever about me, and I can't help making a fool of myself over her."

Grandma Harris covered her butter-rolls over carefully, and then went on—

"She doesn't care for you as much as you care for her?

"Is that it?"

"That's exactly it."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Not in so many words, but all the same I have been made aware of the fact."

"But, Frank, if——"

He looked coaxingly at her, but she saw the paleness on his dear face was even more pronounced than before, as he gently interrupted her—

"Don't let's talk about it, please.

"I didn't mean to mention her name to a living soul.

"I'd rather endure my sorrow in silence, since it seems to me that Lulu Carroll has it in her power to wreck my life for me.

"I felt sure she loved me—but she don't.

"And that's all there is of it."

And after that, grandma Harris went on counting her eggs in silence, while Frank leaned against the shelf and looked at her.

And then after a few minutes he went away, and grandma took off her spectacles and wiped the tears from her dear old eyes—for Frank was the apple of her eye, and his happiness or misery delighted or wounded her to the very core of her motherly heart.

"I daresay he's no worse than other men," she decided after dinner that day.

"They mostly do fall in love with the girl that is likeliest to lead them a pretty gait.

"I'll put on my brown cashmere and just run over and see how sister Carroll is getting on, and borrow Lulu's cream-cake recipe.

"Frank's very fond of that cream-cake of hers."

And so when Lulu Carroll came down from her own room into the sunny cosy sitting-room about three o'clock that same afternoon she found her mother and Mrs. Harris enjoying a most comfortable chat over their bright knitting-needles.

She was such a pretty girl, slender and graceful, with big brown eyes and wavy golden-brown hair.

Grandma didn't wonder a bit that Frank cared so much for her.

"Oh, it's Mrs. Harris," she said laughing, and showing her pretty white teeth and her dimples.

"Yes, it's me, sure enough.

"I wanted your cream-cake recipe, dear, and there seemed a good chance for me to get away for an hour or so, so I thought I'd run over myself after it.

"Frank's very fond of cream-cake; he won't get much of it either, poor fellow."

Lulu was copying her recipe, but Mrs. Harris's keen eyes did not fail to see the little flush of color that surged up to the girl's forehead at mention of Frank Merrivale's name.

"How's that?" Mrs. Carroll inquired, interestedly.

"Why, didn't you know he was going back to town next Tuesday? They don't ever have any such cream-cake there, you don't suppose?"

Lulu folded the neat little paper up and handed it to Mrs. Harris, who put it carefully away in her pocket.

"Yes, Frank's going back to the city this week, and I don't suppose we shall see much of him after this."

Miss Lulu laughed, and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"One would think Mr. Merrivale was going to emigrate to the South Sea Islands," she answered.

"He might almost as well be going there for all the good the nearness to town will do us."

The air of mystery about the old lady was having a most electric effect.

"Do tell, Mrs. Harris," Mrs. Carroll said, laying her grey yarn stocking down.

"If you'll both keep it a dead secret, I'll tell you.

"Frank's going to be married."

A momentary silence followed, only broken by the tick-tack of the eight-day clock in the corner, and the silvery little click of grandma Harris's needles.

Then, although Lulu felt that her very pulses seemed stopping, that for her the sunlight was for ever to be gloomiest shade, she managed to utter a strange weird little laugh.

"You don't say Frank is going to be married?

"That is indeed news.

"Tell him I congratulate him."

Mrs. Harris peeped innocently over her glasses at the sweet pale face.

"Just so I felt, Lulu—you and Frank had been such good friends—and that's why I think you ought to be told first.

"Sakes alive!

"It really can't be four o'clock already—and me with a mile and a half to walk, and a short-cake to make for tea."

And the little old lady bustled off, while Lulu put on her red and brown blanket shawl and her little Derby hat with the scarlet wing, and rushed out into the crisp November air—somewhere, anywhere to be all by herself, where she could try to realize all the sudden anguish and confusion that had come upon her.

"It cannot be!

"Frank Merrivale to be married—oh, it can't be true!"

And as she walked slowly through the apple orchard, rustling the fallen leaves as she trailed through them, the big tears fell thick and fast from her sad eyes.

Frank Merrivale lost to her—and she loved him so!

She had been so sure of him, so sure that when she condescended to cease her coquetries upon him she could whistle him back to her feet.

To be married!

With his handsome face, his pleading voice, his passionate eyes—and not to her.

With a heart-breaking little sob she leaned her face on her hands, and cried as only a woman can cry when she realizes that her true-love is gone for ever, and that too through her own fault.

When she heard rapid footsteps coming up the same narrow path by which she was going down through the orchard—footsteps she knew so well, that thrilled her with jealous pain, for she recognized them before she had the courage to lift her face, all tear-stained, flushed and wistful, yet prettier than ever to Frank Merrivale, as he passed her—with only a smile on his face as he courteously, yet coldly, raised his hat to her—and was passing on.

For just one second it seemed to her that her temples, her throat, all her pulses would burst, with the concentrated agony of the moment; should she—dare she——

"Frank!" she said, scarcely above her breath, in a strangely timid pitiful way.

He turned instantly.

"Did you speak?"

"Frank! Is it true?"

"True? Is what true, Lulu?"

She trembled perceptibly.

"Don't hesitate to tell me—don't put off the news—I know I deserve to be punished so—but—you might have known it was I who loved you better than any other girl could.

"Oh, Frank—I know it is dreadful for me to speak so—but I must—I shall die if I think you don't know how much I love you—even if you don't want me."

He looked astonished.

"I don't understand you, Lulu."

Her lovely eyes flashed him a piteous, reproachful glance.

"Frank!"—bitterly—"don't seek refuge behind a pretence of ignorance.

"I know, and you know, what I mean, but," and she began to sob in a wholly unheroine-like manner, "you might have known how much I loved you."

And then, Frank's eyes suddenly began to shine with a glad glory that had never been in them before, and he remembered what grandma Harris had said to him when he started off—

"Take my advice, boy, and if you happen to meet Lulu, don't let her think you're inconsolable."

"Lulu! tell me that again—say it again—you love me!"

"I do—I do—I do, Frank, but it's too late now, since you're going to be married so soon."

"I married, darling?

"Not that I know of, until you have promised to have me.

"Will you, Lu?"

And with her head on his breast, Lulu told him all that grandma Harris had said.

"I understand it all plainly enough—it was a loving little stratagem to catch Cupid, Lulu.

"Besides, am I not going to be married?

"Say—aren't we?

"I don't think we're very angry at grandma Harris, are we?"

* * * * * *

And Mrs. Frank never makes a cream-cake for her liege lord but that she blesses the day his grandmother came for the recipe.

An humble Sausage thus addressed a haughty Seal Skin sack: "How does it Happen, my Friend, that you Do not Recognise me, when it was only Two Months ago that you Used to Skin up a Tree whenever I approached?" To this the Sealskin Sack saucily Replied: "You had none the Better of Me, then, Mr. Sausage, for while I was Skinning up the Tree, you, forsooth, Were Sailing down the Street with a Tin can tied to your Tail."

A Clergyman's Sore Throat.

This disease, which has, during the past twenty or thirty years abridged or entirely closed the ministerial usefulness of so many clergymen, has rarely found successful treatment under any of the old systems of medicine. The following from Rev. J. B. Pradt, of Madison, Wisconsin (late Assistant State Superintendent of Wisconsin), shows how promptly, in his case, this disease yielded to Compound Oxygen. He says: "I had been troubled many years with Clergyman's Sore Throat; and after a severe attack of Influenza, the upper part of the lungs was left very tender and irritable, and I was obliged to desist entirely from using my voice in public service. After a two months' trial of the Compound Oxygen, I found myself, to my surprise and gratification, able to go through full service again, not only without any trouble, but with little fatigue. Three months' use of the remedy restored my voice and lungs completely, and greatly improved my general health. I feel it my duty, therefore, to bear testimony to its good effects. I have waited for time to test the permanence of the benefits received, and can say that during the past severe winter I have been entirely free from colds, and in better general health than for many years; am 65 years of age." Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature action, and results, with reports of cases and full information sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Mischief-maker.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

TWO cheery, comfortable elderly ladies met in a street car the other morning, both out on a shopping excursion.

"And so I hear," said plump little Mrs. Curran to her friend, "so I hear Abby, that you have been buying property."

"Yes," replied Miss Reeves.

"I've been intending to do so for a good while, and Archie—that's my nephew, you know, who lives with me—has a good place now, only it was too far for him to walk, so we thought we'd have a little home in town.

"Do you know where I bought?"

"No, I haven't heard.

"Where was it?"

"The little house in Cedar avenue, that you lately moved from."

"Oh, Abby!

"You did not buy that?"

"Yes, I did.

"Got a bargain, too."

"Well, I never did hear the like."

"What's the matter, Susan?

"Is there any objection to the house?" she asked.

"Oh, no, it's a nice, cosy, convenient house.

"Water and everything handy, and a pleasant location.

"It's the neighbors I object to."

"I thought they seemed nice people."

"Most of them are. But have you seen anything of the woman in the next house, Mrs. Adair?"

"I have seen her in the garden, that's all.

"You know we are just moving in, and are not ready for calls yet."

"Oh, she'll not wait for that.

"You know, Abby, I am not given to gossip, and that Adair woman nearly worried my life out."

"Well, how?

"Tell me, so that I can guard against her.

"Oh, you can't. I tried to, but it was no use.

"You can't insult her, and you can't get rid of her."

"But what did she do?"

"Talked all the time!

"Told every bad thing she could about all the other neighbors, pried into all their affairs, and then said all the naughty things she could pick up or make up, and kept a constant stream of tattle in my ears. I used to be very careful what I said, but still I was always afraid she would repeat some innocent remark and get me into hot water."

"Well, she won't trouble me that way, I assure you!" said Mrs. Abby Reeves grimly.

"I'd like to see how you'll help it!" said Mrs. Curran.

"But that's not all, either.

"Of course one wants to be obliging, but you know a regular borrowing neighbor is a nuisance."

"Yes, indeed!"

"Well, of all borrowing neighbors, you'll find her the worst.

"Why, she would even send in for my shoes and borrow my dresses to wear at church."

"I hope you were not silly enough to let her have them," said Miss Abby, laughing.

"I was afraid to refuse her," said Mrs. Curran.

"Oh, you don't guess the half! But I thought it best to tell you a little, so that you could prepare for her."

"Very well, I'll do so.

"We are neither one of us gossips, Susan, so I shan't like our neighbor any better than you did.

"But I don't propose to let her trouble me.

"I wonder how you'll help it?"

"Oh, I'll think of a plan! You have forewarned me, so now I am forearmed, you know."

"I only hope you will succeed, that's all.

"Here's my street.

"Get out and come home to dinner with me, do, Abby."

"Thanks, Susan, I would like to do so, but Archie and I take our first dinner in our new home to-day, and I must not disappoint the lad.

"I'll come over soon, though.

"You come and see us soon, too."

"I will.

"I shall be anxious to hear of your success with Mrs. Adair."

The two friends said good-bye and parted.

Miss Abby went to her cosy new home, thinking over what she had heard, and revolving in her mind a plan for getting rid of her troublesome neighbor.

By the time she had reached the little cottage her plan was fully formed.

She met Mrs. Adair, a thin, wiry little woman, with reddish hair, and small, snapping eyes, once or twice, as she was passing in and out, and exchanged a civil greeting with her, but did not invite her in to call.

Saturday evening she came without any invitation, as Miss Abby was getting ready to go out with Archie.

"I thought I'd just run in, neighborly-like, and see if you were beginning to feel at home," she said.

"Very much, thank you," replied Miss Abby.

"Haven't got acquainted much yet, I expect?"

"Very little. Those whom I have met seem pleasant," said Miss Abby, putting on her bonnet.

"Well, yes, some of 'em.

"I see you're getting ready to go out, so I won't hinder you now, but I'll run in ag'in, early next week, and have a sociable little chat with you.

"I always like to see neighbors be neighborly and obligin'."

"So do I.

"Come again, Mrs. Adair."

"Yes, I will.

"And do you just run in whenever you feel like it.

"An' if I have anything you can use, just call for it.

"That's the way I do."

"Thank you.

"Good night," said Miss Abby, as her visitor departed.

And when Archie, while they were walking down the street, expressed the unpleasant impression he had formed of their new visitor, Miss Abby laughed, and said she did not believe Mrs. Adair would prove troublesome.

Monday afternoon, while Mrs. Abby sat at her sewing, back came the lady, and sat down for a chat, as she had announced her intention of doing.

Presently she sprang up from her chair and went to the window.

"Well, I do declare!" she cried, "if there isn't Mr. Glover going into Mrs. Green's again!

"What does he call there so often for?

"Got a wife of his own, too!

"Don't you think it looks bad, Miss Reeves, to see a married man call on a lady so frequently?"

"Perhaps they have business," suggested Miss Abby.

"Perhaps they haven't!

"You see folks do say—well, I'll just tell you the whole story, if you won't breathe it to a living soul!

"It's awful, but you must never tell it, you know."

"Wait a moment," said Miss Abby, reaching over to her work basket, and taking out a small book and a pencil.

"Now go on," she said calmly, fixing her eyes on her visitor.

"What's that for?" asked Mrs. Adair, turning very red.

"To write down what you say. I am always afraid I cannot remember what people tell me, but if I write it down, I can repeat it just right."

"But I said you must not repeat it to a living soul!" cried the neighbor.

"I shall be certain to tell it to the very first person I meet," said Mrs. Abby solemnly.

"If it interests me it will then, and I never lose a chance of telling a thing any more than you do. Go on, I'm ready to put it down."

"Well, you are the queerest woman ever I did see!" cried Mrs. Adair.

"I'll be mighty sure not to tell you a single thing."

And away she flounced home, while Miss Abby quietly put away her little book and laughed to herself.

Mrs. Adair did not return.

But the next washing-day she sent her little boy in to borrow Miss Abby's clothes line.

"Did you bring a penny, Sammy?" asked Miss Abby, taking the line down.

"No'm."

"What for?" queried Sammy.

"I shall make it a rule to charge a penny every time I lend your mother anything. When the article is brought back, I'll return the penny."

"I didn't bring any," said Sammy, hanging his head.

"You can have the line without it this time, but next time you must bring it."

"Yes'm."

Sammy scudded off.

In twenty minutes he returned with the line, saying:

"Mammy says she don't want your dratted old clothes-line."

"All right.

"Hang it up there, Sammy," said Miss Abby calmly.

The next time she met Mrs. Adair, that lady would not speak to her, so she concluded she was now well rid of her troublesome neighbor.

Not long after she encountered Mrs. Curran in a shop.

Mrs. Curran came to her, saying laughingly—

"What is this terrible tale I hear about you, Abby?"

"I don't know.

"What is it?" asked Abby.

"Mrs. Adair says you tell everything that's told you, and even take notes to make the stories bigger, and she says you charge a penny every time a neighbor sends in to borrow anything of you."

Nearly convulsed with laughter, Miss Abby told Mrs. Curran of the funny plan she had formed to get rid of this one troublesome neighbor, and of its entire success, which they enjoyed together.

Mrs. Curran did not promise not to tell, and some way the story crept out, until everybody knew Miss Abby's remedy for a mischief-maker.

And before long, Mrs. Adair found her [illegible] so uncomfortable that she was glad to move to a more congenial locality, and Cedar Avenue was rid of her for good and all.

* * *

THE SMALLEST STRONGEST.—The smallest insects are proportionately the strongest of all animals, according to some ingenious experiments. It was found that a horse can pull six-sevenths of his weight, a cockchafer fourteen times its weight, and a bee twenty times its weight.

THE TRICKS OF TRADE.

IT is a practice as old almost as the world itself, for the tricky, ignorant and lazy to steal the works of others where they can use them as if they were their own. This is true in every field of enterprise, invention, and discovery. The successful author is plagiarized and garbled into a thousand different forms by imitators; the bright mind which gives birth to the sewing machine or electric telegraph, has its rights called into question and contested by those anxious to share in the glory but unable to conceive or execute the work, and experience which puts upon the world panaceas for humanity's ills, and meet with the reward they deserve, are almost immediately invested by unprincipled harpies who endeavor to fatten upon the reputation and renown which is justly and entirely another's.

Perhaps the most prominent instance of this tendency in our days is the attempt of some of those business pirates to counterfeit the remedies, and to imitate sufficiently to deceive unsuspecting purchasers the trade-mark of the celebrated Dr. Radway. It is very true that unless the articles imitated were in themselves superior there would be no disposition to steal their credit. But this, while giving their merits its deserved tribute, does not lessen the crime. As a mere compliment, perhaps, the imitation might have its value, but Dr. Radway did not, and does not, permit the good name of his remedies to suffer from the sale of spurious compounds made to deceive, and only sold from a resemblance to the genuine article. The man who has achieved any measure of renown and honor by his own performances, although he invariably becomes the mark of envy and pretension, and is forced to contest vigorously to preserve and protect what he has proved to be exclusively his own, certainly feels greater satisfaction when he knows that he is, by defending himself, protecting the public at the same time from the rascally assaults of those who look upon plunder from everything and everybody as their legitimate prey.

Thus in having recourse to the courts to test the validity of his copyrights, and firmly establishing the principle that no man should purloin the name or credit of a well-known and valuable medicine in order to put something far inferior and perhaps dangerous upon the market, Dr. Radway is entitled to the highest honors that can be awarded a public benefactor. Until, by pursuing these commercial leeches that were sucking the blood and living upon the hard-earned business fame of reputable houses, he had caused the highest tribunals to decide the illegality of their conduct, no man was safe from having the work of his brains and the results of his life-long efforts taxed by those who only waited until the popularity of an article justified them in trying to imitate and counterfeit it. The name and importance of a trade-mark are now, however, clearly understood, and it is to Dr. Radway, in his prosecution of the rascals who tried to deceive the public by selling inferior remedies under the pretense they were his, that this desirable result is to be attributed.

This clearing the field then of spurious imitations has had a good effect in many ways, chief among which is the removal of the possibility that anyone, by similarity of name or marks, can be tricked into believing them genuine, and Radway's Remedies again occupy the throne without any pretender or rival near, to disturb or distract the attention of the people.

In the years of experimental research leading to the discovery of his great medicines, Dr. Radway gave three subjects his special attention: The relief of pain, the restoration of lost vigor to the system, and the strengthening of the system to resist the attacks of disease. The result of these labors were specific medicines for each of the three subjects, and to them we invite brief consideration. For the alleviation of pain as most helpful to curing disease, "Radway's Ready Relief," is a purely vegetable preparation which excels either morphine or chloroform in the subjugation of acute pain. For aches, burns, bruises, cold, croup, sprains, or the thousand little hurts and accidents in daily life, the Ready Relief has no equal. It can be taken internally or used externally, and is alike applicable to nearly every disease or pain, from toothache to the severest ailment.

Without an equal in the whole line of tonic agents, the "Renovating Resolvent" reaches the slow-working poison of scrofulous, syphilitic, and pulmonary taint in the human system, though transmitted for several generations. The healing properties of sarsaparilla lie in its crytalline principle; and the secret of the unparalleled excellence of the remedy consisted in his successful distillation of sarsaparilla, without any of the other properties of the root. The essence as compounded by him is a life-giving elixir, into which enter other ingredients of great value on certain well-known conditions of physiological importance. No remedy in our line has been hailed with such general acclaim as this bow of promise for afflicted humanity. It removes all diseases of the blood, bladder, kidneys, lungs, etc., the result invariably is the active harmony of all the physical functions in a return of blooming health.

To complete the triad of curative and protective means, Dr. Radway discovered the "Perfect Purgative and Regulative Pills." By the free use of these pills the system can be always kept in perfect order, armed against the inroads of disease. It is well-known that sudden change of climate, diet, or habits often paves the way for the encroachment of sickness. By the proper use of the medicine here placed within the reach of all, a certain defence is provided against such an attack. The best way is to save the possibility of disease, and this is what the Perfect Purgative and Regulating Pills infallibly accomplish for the prudent and careful, who look out for the future.

The fame of these medicines is world-wide. But few there are out of the great fleet of sail and steam vessels that cross the briny deep, that do not carry to expectant ones abroad these well-known remedies; and every mail that comes to our shores brings tidings of rejoicing from the cured, and growing orders for new supplies for those who clamor to be cured.

The quantities of medicines annually sent forth by Radway & Co. are far greater than those of any other firm. The goods are sent to all parts of the civilized globe, carrying with them blessings that cannot be measured. It is impossible to set forth here all the merits of these medicines, or to recount the instances of the marvellous restorations which they have accomplished. Radway's remedies are so familiar to the public, and their merits so well attested, that it is unnecessary to more than mention them. We feel that we will have done some good to mankind if we shall have succeeded in arresting attention to the fact that unscrupulous persons are constantly endeavoring to palm off counterfeits upon these priceless remedies, and in making the public more cautious when purchasing. See that the letters "R. R. R." are on the United States Government stamp on each bottle. If so, the article is genuine. Be cautious in buying and careful in following the directions with the genuine medicine. Then health will come to you, and you will rejoice in a strengthened system and purified blood.

* * *

PARISH CLERKS.—In England, when a clergyman had gone to take the duty for a friend, and was leaving the church, he looked at the sky and made a remark to the parish clerk as to the probable weather on the morrow, when the clerk replied: "Ah, sir, they do say that the hypocrites can discern the face of the sky." Another parish clerk apologized to a church dignitary who had been summoned to take a service at a small village church: "I am sorry, sir, to have brought such a gentleman as you to this poor little place. A worse would have done if we had only known where to find him!"

It is said of a clergyman, who so forgot the proprieties of his office that, in reading the churching service to a lady of title, he altered the words "save this woman" to "save this lady," upon which the courtly parish clerk promptly made the very natural response: "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in Thee."

The Rev. Prebendary Jackson, in speaking of Yorkshire clergymen within his own recollection, says, concerning a village church where there was only one Sunday service, in the afternoon: "Often while the parson was in the middle of his discourse, the powdered yellow plush of the squire, whose ancient mansion adjoined the church-yard, would enter the door in the chancel, and advancing to the front of the pulpit, would say in a respectful, but somewhat authoritative voice: 'If you please, sir, my master bids me inform you that dinner is waiting!' The old curate then closed his book, gave the benediction, and set off to join his patron's well-spread board."

Another courteous rector was one, in a northern county, who was in the habit of not beginning divine service until he had satisfied himself that the squire was duly ensconced in the family pew, but happening one Sunday to omit ascertaining the fact, he had gone into the reading-desk, and had commenced, "When the wicked man—" when he was instantly stopped by the faithful clerk, who exclaimed: "He ain't come in, sir!" This is a well-known story, and is perhaps apocryphal, but something similar happened to a friend of mine, who did his first duty after his ordination in a village church to which he had been appointed curate, his rector being engaged at a second church in another part of the parish. The old parish clerk, after ringing the two bells at the west end of the church, came up to the chancel where the curate had put on his surplice behind the high-curtained end of the squire's pew, the church not boasting a vestry, and was looking at his watch with a nervous anxiety to keep the exact time for beginning his first service. To his surprise, the clerk, after saying to him in an audible voice: "You mun't wait a bit, sir, we ain't ready!" stepped into the communion area, clambered on to the communion table, and stood upon it while he looked through the east window, and carefully scrutinized the churchyard path that led past the window to a door in the wall of the squire's garden, through which his wife, who was a lady of title, was accustomed to come to church with her children. The curate was full of George Herbert's reverence for holy places, and was aghast at the sight of the parish clerk thus standing on the communion table in full sight of the congregation, and coolly turning round [illegible] through the east window, and saying to the curate in an audible voice: "You mun't begin yet. Her ladyship hain't come!" "Pray come down," expostulated the curate. "I can see [illegible] the proper [illegible] [illegible] the garden door. [illegible] upon which he [illegible] his position, greatly to the curate's relief. [illegible] no surprise among the rustic congregation, [illegible] was of frequent occurrence.

R. B.

* * *

JENNIE FLOOD, of San Francisco, owns $2,000,000 in United States four per cents, a present from her father. She is unmarried.

Our Young Folks.

THE SINGING TOOTH.

BY PIPKIN.

"Of all my wonderful acts, now comes the last and most wonderful," said the conjuror, as he placed a saucer upon the table.

"Eggs!" said Lotta, quite audibly, "there's nothing in an egg."

"Wonderful eggs, little miss," said the conjuror, sternly.

"Eggs not to be met with every day, I can tell you.

"Eggs, eggs, wonderful eggs!
Eggs with eyes, and eggs with legs,
Eggs that laugh, and eggs that run,
Eggs that turn to a currant bun;
But the egg of eggs, to speak the truth,
Is the egg that holds the singing tooth.

"Yes, young master and misses, the singing tooth, if fitted in any one's mouth, causes such music that every one will stop to listen to it."

Lotta shrugged her shoulders.

The conjuror saw her.

"Will you like to have a try, young miss?" said he.

Lotta tossed her head scornfully.

"Oh, yes!"

"Very well," replied the conjuror, tossing the eggs about; and suddenly legs shot out, and they ran about the table.

Some seemed full of eyes, some laughed, and some talked, and some turned into currant buns, which he tossed to the children, who, finding them to be real substantial buns, ate them contentedly.

"Now, young miss," said he to Lotta.

And he fitted the tooth into a little space amongst her other teeth.

"Now the performance is over.

"Make haste, for the lights are going to be put out."

Lotta kept her mouth closed until she got outside.

Of course, there was no truth in what the conjuror had said, and how rough he had been; he had almost hurt her mouth.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she saw the lamps lighted, and the shop windows looking as gay as possible.

But she went no farther in her speech than "Oh!"

Involuntarily she began to sing one of the airs she had heard her mother sing.

"Do be quiet, Lotta," said Karl and Netta, "all the people are turning to look at you."

But it was in vain.

In spite of herself, Lotta went on singing louder and louder in so delightful a manner that a crowd of people collected, shouting "Brava! brava!"

* * * * * *

The father and mother were sitting at the tea-table waiting for the children, when they heard the tramp of many feet, and a clear voice singing in grand style.

"Mother, what is it?" asked the father.

"Father, what is it?" asked the mother.

Then the door burst open, and Karl and Netta rushed into the room.

"What is the matter?" asked the father.

"It's Lotta,
[illegible]
Singing tooth, and she cannot a
Moment stop. Oh, Lotta! what a
Noise she makes. Upon the spot a
Crowd has come to hear poor Lotta."

And Lotta came into the room singing.

"Stop! stop! stop!" said the father.

"Stop! stop! stop!" said the mother.

But Lotta replied:

"I cannot stop! I must sing on
Until the singing tooth is gone.
O tra la la, O tra la la,
There's nothing now but song for me."

The father paced up and down the room, the mother wept, the crowd listened to the song and applauded.

"This is terrible," said the father; and he opened the window and frantically entreated the people to go away to their homes.

"We won't go home!" shouted the crowd.

"It's beautiful! we could listen all night."

"What shall we do?" groaned the father.

Then an idea struck him.

He seized the singing Lotta and carried her to a small room at the top of the house; then he closed the shutters, and drew a heavy curtain across, and placed as many cushions and feather beds against the door and walls as he could get, in order to deaden the sound of Lotta's voice.

It had the desired effect; the crowd, after lingering for awhile departed.

But the mother and Karl and Netta knew that Lotta was still singing in the little upper chamber.

So did Mops, the dog, who had crept in and was now sitting on his hind legs listening to Lotta, who, with an old music-book she had picked up, was leaning over an oak shutter and singing away to her heart's, or rather tooth's, content.

Mops generally did not like music, but he seemed entranced with Lotta's performances.

"Won't Lotta have any tea?" asked Karl.

"Yes, father will bring her downstairs as soon as the crowd has gone away from the house."

And the mother drew the curtain closer and stuffed paper and wool into the cracks in the window-frames; and then Lotta and her father came downstairs.

"My darling," said the mother, thou wilt be tired."

To which Lotta replied:

"I shall be tired, my mother,
Then, too, fatigued will be,
"But my voice will be strong as ever,
And there is no rest for me

"And people will listen and listen,
And if I go out in the street,
There'll be crowds that follow and follow,
And say that my singing's a treat.

"The horses and dogs and the donkeys
E'en stones and the bending trees.
Will listen as they did to Orpheus,
And every one I shall please."

"But how wilt thou take thy food?

"Thou must eat or else thou wilt faint."

So Lotta did her best to eat and drink between the bars of her songs; but it was very choking work.

"Perhaps when asleep thy torment may be forgotten," said the father.

But no; through the night Lotta, though fast asleep, sang as diligently as ever.

The father listened, and through the muffled walls heard snatches.

"Sing away, Lotta, at the house top,
When the wind blows thy voice will not drop;
Sharper than thunder and louder than rain,
Rises thy shrill note again and again."

"Oh, alas!" ejaculated the father.

"Bye-bye, Lotta, Lotta,
[illegible]
[illegible]
He'll wrap poor singing Lotta in."

Not a bad idea," commented the father; "it might be tough enough to muffle the singing."

In the morning Lotta's voice appeared to have gained strength; and when the milkman came he put down his cans, opened his mouth wide, and listened.

The mother begged him to remember his customers, but the milkman said:

"No; such singing wasn't to be heard every day; the customers might wait."

And he leaned against the wall and steadily refused to go.

Then came the postman, and he took up his position beside the milkman, though the father urged that people would be wondering what had become of the letters.

"Never mind the letters," said the postman; "people may say the post is late, or there is a railway accident.

Next the servants came out to look for the milkman; and then the masters and mistresses arrived to see what the servants were doing; and the street grew fuller and fuller, and several policemen appeared in the distance, shouting out:

"Move on, move on, you are blocking up the street!"

But then they came to the house they too remained stationary.

At last a musician came along; he could scarcely get through the crowd.

"What is the matter?" said he.

"Hush! Hark! Silence!" cried the people.

"Ah——!" exclaimed the musician, "that is wonderful, grand, enchanting; brava! brava! bravissima! I must see the singer; she is marvellous."

And he rushed into the house and up the crowded staircase and into the drawing-room, where Lotta was singing, and the mother was weeping.

"What a voice!" said he, seizing the father by both hands

"I congratulate you.

"Her fortune is certain

"What a splendid voice!"

"It is the tooth," sighed the father in explanation, "that terrible tooth.

"Oh, what a misfortune!"

"You are mad," said the musician, turning from him in disgust; "dearest little miss, I will play an accompaniment for thee; now—sing—sing;" and Lotta sang.

"It is superb!

"Thou art a born singer—I must show thee to the world.

"Thy father is mad.

"He knows not the treasure he possesses.

"Come with me; I see the carriage of the duchess!"

And, before the father and mother could prevent it, the singing Lotta was carried off.

The carriage of the duchess was there, and many other carriages, for all the town had heard the singing wonder, and every one was coming to hear her.

"The Town Hall is the only place to hear her to advantage," said the musician.

And to the Town Hall they went, and Lotta was placed in an elevated position, and her voice filled the hall.

But at the close of the twenty-fifth piece the father and mother struggled through the audience, and throwing their arms round Lotta, cried—

"She is our child; she shall go with us; and if there is a dentist in the town who can pull out that wretched, miserable dreadful tooth, he shall do so."

But there was no dentist who dared to do it; [illegible] that the wrench would bring Lotta's head off, which would be worse than hearing her sing continually.

But suddenly a bright green door, with a brass plate on which was the word "Dentist" in large letters, appeared in one of the streets.

"A new man!" said the father, feeling a ray of hope.

"Perhaps he can take out the tooth," said the mother.

"Oh!" sang Lotta.

"My tooth doth ache, my throat is sore,
I wish that I need sing no more."

But nevertheless she went on singing

The dentist had just come to the town. He was an old-fashioned-looking person with a queer puckered up face, and a white neckerchief; and he made Lotta sit down on a chair and open her mouth as wide as she could whilst he peered into it.

The mother knelt beside the chair sobbing, and the dentist said—

"Pooh! it will soon come out with a corkscrew!"

"Screw it out
What are you about?
Tra la la, la la lee.
If you do
I'll thank you,
And father will give you a fee,
Tra la lee,"

sang Lotta.

So the queer-looking dentist fixed the end of a great corkscrew into the singing tooth.

It was a little difficult, owing to the continual scraps of song, but he at length managed it.

Slowly, slowly, slowly!

It sounded like the cork in a wine-bottle.

"Does it hurt, my child?" sobbed the mother,

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!" cried Lotta, and at the seventh "oh!" which was the octave, out came the tooth, and Lotta sprang from the chair, kissed her mother and shook the old dentist's hands till she had almost shaken them off.

Then she suddenly looked up at him.

"Why, I do believe that you are the conjuror," said Lotta.

"Of course I am; no one else could have taken out the singing tooth.

"Don't say 'There's nothing in eggs' again.

And the dentist twinkled up his eyes, opening the door for Lotta and her father and mother to go out.

Ah! how rejoiced was Lotta's father to think that the singing tooth had gone!

And the next day he went to take the dentist an extra fee; but the green door with the brass plate had disappeared, and the old dentist also.

◆

Shipwrecked Mariners.—Most desert island novelists and play-wrights, place the scene of their heroes' suffering and privation on tropical islands, which, if not wholly barren coral reefs, contain enough of vegetable food and fruit to sustain the lives of the shipwrecked mariners, and are warm, fertile and comfortable.

But fact, which is stranger than fiction, has added new distress to the victims of romance and drama, and cast the victims of misfortune in a Southern sea, upon an island of volcanic peaks covered with snow and icy plains untouched by the sun.

They were on the ship Trinity, from New London, Connecticut. Petroleum having ruined the whale oil market, its owners sent it to Heard's Island, in the South Sea, after sea elephant oil. Putting four men on one end of the island, October, 1880, they sailed to the other end; eighteen miles distant. A storm came up which drove the vessel ashore. The crew landed and took refuge in the wooden shanties which had been built by previous crews some years before. A fire was made, and the thermometer being below freezing, and after hauling a cask or two of provisions ashore, the men lay down to sleep. About midnight three of them arose and walked down to the bay where the ship lay, to see if she was going to pieces, for on that depended their chances of landing their food. To their astonishment they could not find her. Looking off they beheld her riding out to sea, not a man on board and carrying all their provisions with her. The tide had risen and floated her away, and, like "The Flying Dutchman," she may be still sailing over the seas at the mercy of winds and tempest.

The captain cheerfully announced that they would probably have to stay at least a year on their island home, so they set about looking for food. Of a certain sort there was enough—wild cabbage, tolerable only after long boiling, sea elephants, sea leopards, eight times as large as seals, and penguins, which provided them with both its flesh and its eggs. Although they were less than twenty miles from their comrades on the other end of the island, a volcano of enormous height, covered with icy steeps and seamed with ravines hundreds of feet deep cut them as completely off as if a whole continent separated them. The months went by and they employed or amused themselves as best they could. The cold and freezing storms made outdoor work almost impossible, and two of the men, while in search of food froze to death. However, they clothed themselves in the skins of the sea-elephants and leopards; while beds and pillows were made of the feathers of captured birds. The loss which they felt most was their tobacco, and although they came from Connecticut, even the wild cabbage proved to be only a mocking substitute. Some religious books and papers which they had brought with them, were their only literature. The carpenter made them a wooden ball, and a base ball club was formed, the cook acting as umpire, the elephants, leopards and penguins as spectators.

A sun-dial was set up, but from lack of a sun was not of much use. During the spring and summer of last year they killed sea elephants and secured 500 barrels of oil which is worth $8,000, and belongs to them. Last December, their four comrades from the other end of the island made them a visit in a boat built of boards and equipped with a seal-skin sail. Shortly after the United States ship Marion found and rescued them, landed them at Cape Town, whence they were sent home.

◆

☞The most brilliant shades possible, on all fabrics are made by the Diamond Dyes. Unequalled for brilliancy and durability, 10 cts.

DEADLY DRESSING.

A LECTURE on the present style of dress was recently delivered in London under the auspices of the National Health Society.

The lecturer observed that the primary objects of clothing to cover the body and maintain it at an equable temperature have little or no concern in some of the dresses of the period.

In the low evening dress the arms, neck and upper part of the chest and back are [illegible], while about the lower extremities is [illegible] mass of raiment that would [illegible].

In the ordinary dress of women little [illegible] for maintaining an equable [illegible] of the body.

[illegible] the upper part of the [illegible] the corset is very [illegible] dress only.

[illegible] the corset is reasonably [illegible] while about the hips many layers [illegible].

Thus the body may be divided geographically into a frigid, a temperate and a torrid zone.

As regards tight lacing said if the most beautiful female outline is that of a young normal well-developed woman, then a narrow waist is hideous.

A miniature waist is a deformity under any circumstances, and few deformities are pleasing.

The waist is an inflection of the body between the lowest rib and the hip bone. No normal woman is waistless, although its conspicuousness depends somewhat on development.

Children have normally no waist, and a tight-laced child is a gross and pitiable deformity.

The normal waist has a circumference of about 28 or 29 inches; the "elegant" waist should be 20 inches; the waist measurement of dressmakers' lay figures now varies from 21 inches to 25 inches.

Those who wish to improve their figures by stays have before them the conception of a 20 inch waist Venus.

To the outline of this hour-glass-shaped goddess they aspire.

The normal waist is quite oval; the fashionable waist quite round.

Women with miniature waists, who maintain that such waists are natural to them and are independent of art, must have been born deformed.

No person enters this world with a ready made fashionable waist.

As regards health, the tapering waist is effected mainly by a compression of the five lower ribs, these ribs being more movable than all the rest.

There is a popular delusion to the effect that there is plenty of empty space inside the body, and into this space the displaced organs are pushed in tight-lacing.

Tight-lacing means a compression not of skin, muscle and bone, but of liver, stomach and lungs.

Even a slight amount of constriction affects these organs, and stays that are by no means tight lessen the capacity of the chest for air.

Post-mortems on tight-lacers show the liver deeply indented with the ribs, and more or less seriously displaced.

The stomach is also commonly affected, as too, are the lungs.

The diseases that commonly result are chronic dyspepsia, liver derangements, disturbances of nutrition, etc.

Tight lacing, moreover, renders more or less useless the diaphragm or principal muscle of respiration.

The breathing powers of the narrow-waisted are always seriously impaired, and hence follows possibly the languor, or inability for exertion, the tendency to faint, etc.

The circulation, moreover, is interferred with, and certain cases are reported of death from apoplexy in young women who have tight laced.

Stays injurously affect the muscles of the back.

These muscles become wasted because their function, that of supporting the spine, is absorbed by the corset, and they exhibit the usual changes of muscles that have been long disused.

Thus the back is actually weakened by the use of stays, and those women who maintain that they cannot do without the support of stays make use of the argument of the opium-eater, who, after having by indulgence developed a craving for the drug, asserts that he cannot do without it. Under no circumstances do young girls require stays, and to the bulk of young women also the same remark applies.

A modified corset, composed merely of some stiff material, and devoid of all bands and whalebones, etc., may be used by those who incline to stoutness, or whose busts are prominent, and by women who have been mothers.

Such a corset or bodice would merely give that slight amount of support required for comfort and appearance. The lecturer next referred to shoes and boots and denounced pointed toes and high heels. He thought the amount of clothing usually worn by women was too great, and that the number of petticoats was often excessive.

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. "Figures are not always facts," but the facts concerning Kidney-Wort are better than most figures. For instance: "It is curing everybody" writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. Do not fail to try it.

IMPERFECTION.

BY C. A.

She sat, half shaded from the glare
Of common light—a creature rare
And finished with perfection;
From dark crowned head to slender foot,
I looked—no mortal e'er could put
Dispraise in his inspection.

The angel face that men had praised
I closely scanned, with lorgnette raised,
My study not concealing:
She bore it with the proudest ease,
She felt so confident to please,
Such beauty she revealing.

I wondered if an inner grace
Matched all this loveliness of face,
And used my mental eye-glass;
Its searching crystal only saw
A mind so free from rust or flaw
That I laid down my spy-glass.

I grew to love her day by day;
She knew it, liked it—woman's way—
Was pleased with the new-comer;
She saw another slave enroll
His heart for her serene control,
And liked me—for a summer.

I was a fool; I sought her heart;
The calm face did not feign or start,
Surprise to seem to cover;
She only said, with candid speech,
She really had not meant to teach
Me to become her lover.

I smile to think that I have learned
(With lorgnette critically turned)
So little worth discerning;
For now I see, without my glass,
One great defect—well, let it pass;
No heart. Was she worth learning?

CAMPS OF SNOW.

THE uses of snow for heating purposes, or, more accurately, for keeping out the cold, cannot be appreciated at their true value except among the arctic and semi-arctic wilds, where it would be impossible to sustain life during at least half the year were it not for the snow. The Esquimaux hut has often been illustrated and described, but there are other structures made of snow which, though less pretentious, are of as much value to the moose, caribou, deer and fox hunter as the hut to the Esquimaux.

The three orders of architecture in snow are the simple burrow, the V camp, and the snow hut. Of these the burrow needs the smallest amount of training in order to construct it, the V camp but little more, while the snow-hut is a thing, which to build successfully, requires long practice and skill.

In constructing the snow burrow, all that is necessary in order to be perfectly comfortable is a heavy overcoat, a blanket or shawl to cover up the face and neck and prevent the snow from touching the skin. Having this, find some place where the snow has drifted rather deeply on the lee side of a rock, a clump of bushes, a tree-trunk, or in fact anything which will shelter the pile in which it is proposed to make the burrow from the wind. Then dig with the hands, or anything else, a hole in the snow, crawling in as fast as it is made. Wriggling would be a better word than crawling, because while getting into the burrow it is necessary to move along lying at full length, so that, beyond the disturbance caused by the passage of the body, the snow shall not be moved. When a person enters in the manner described, as fast as the support for the upper snow is removed by digging, the body takes its place. Fresh-fallen snow—the best to make a burrow in—is very easily moved, and were a person to make a hole large enough to admit him on hands and knees, the roof or covering would fall in, and he would not be sheltered at all. The blanket or shawl—the writer has known of one case where a vest was used instead with perfect success—must be wrapped around the head and neck before beginning the burrow, and the burrower will consequently have to work in the dark or with his eyes blindfolded. This, however, is of little consequence if he will start in the right direction, and keep going towards the ground as much as possible. The process of burrowing is very simple. The hands make a hole and the head follows them as fast as possible. It is sometimes necessary to push the snow as it is dug out down at the side of the body, disturbing the snow as little as may be, and keeping it from contact with the skin. Once in the burrow, the burrower should push the snow away from around his head so as to form a small space in which to breathe. If the snow is so light that he is unable to do this without its falling in, then he should arrange the covering around his head in such a way as to give him some space inside of it. He need be in no fear of stifling, as the snow allows air enough to pass through it to give all he wants. The one thing to be feared in snow-burrowing is that the weather may not be cold enough outside, for if the snow be wet the burrow is of no use. As long as the snow is dry the burrower will be as comfortable inside of the drift as he could be in the warmest feather bed.

Considerably more pretentious, and certainly more comfortable, because one is not so confined, is the V camp. It is seldom made unless for a number of persons, as it involves a good bit of labor. Choosing a drift not less than five, and better yet, seven or eight feet deep, the campers mark out on the surface a gigantic V. For a party of five this would be about nine feet across the top, and about the same in length. The drift must be what is called "old snow," because new-fallen snow is too light and fleecy to give the requisite strength to the sides. Taking their snow-shoes, the men proceed to dig out the snow, throwing it on the drift on the outside and leaving the walls perpendicular. Having got all of the snow out at the lower or narrow end of the V, what is called a "rise" is made, which is simply a path tramped down from the bottom of the camp to the top of the snow. While two or three of the party are digging the camp, the rest cut down one or two fir trees, the flat branches of which are trimmed off and brought to the camp. Some of these are placed in the "rise" to prevent those walking in and out from sinking in the snow. The rest are laid on the ground to form the bed. At the lower end of the V a fire is built, and the camp is ready to be occupied. There are few more delightful places to sleep.

Grains of Gold.

Enjoy what you have, hope for what you lack.

Strength of mind is from exercise, not rest.

Despise no one on account of their poverty.

Truth should never bow to ignorance or sophistry.

Do a kindness for a friend when opportunity offers.

Show respect for old age. Youth does not always last.

While learning adorns a man, truth ennobles him.

Keep up the fire of resolution by frequent replenishing.

It is not necessary to be offensive in order to be decided.

Do not be impatient for distinction; it belongs to time.

Impudence can not be laid to the charge of good sense.

The love of God imposes on us no impossible conditions.

Piety belongs to the wise, and is a great promoter of happiness.

The art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and to endure much.

Unless you wish to reap the same kind of harvest, do not sow wild oats.

Select a worthy object in life, and bend all your efforts in that direction.

He that will not look before him will have to look behind him—and probably with some regret.

Hear but one side and you will be in the darkness; hear both sides, and then all will be clear.

We would willingly have all our acquaintances perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

One of the lessons which young people have to learn by experience is the power of deeds and words.

Every person you meet with, in the peculiarity of the character presented, affords food for thought.

The darkest chapter in the nature of man is the tendency to pull down the reputation of his fellow man.

Sin is of so very little relish and gust, that it is always greater in expectation than in the possession.

Take up one by one the plain, practical duties that lie nearest to hand and perform them as fast as possible.

The habit of being always employed is a safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

All who have medicated on the art of governing mankind, have been convinced that the fate of empires certainly depends on the education of youth.

If men would spend in doing good to others a quarter of the time and money they spend in doing harm to themselves, misery would vanish from the earth.

There is a deep significance in silence. Were a man forced for a length of time but to hold his peace, it were in most cases an incalculable benefit to his insight.

It takes four things to be a gentleman—you must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your manners, and a gentleman in your person.

He who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

Femininities.

To wives—Good grounds for a domestic quarrel—Thick coffee.

Hammered gilt beads edge the brims of many stylish bonnets.

Most of the velvet and plush bonnets are small, or of medium size.

Marabout feather bands trim many handsome cloaks and costumes.

Milk which is turned may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

No man can always be a philosopher who is in the habit of walking barefooted around a room in which his wife is careless where she drops the tacks.

The medical faculty of Madrid has just given a diploma to the first Spanish woman, Senorita Bellaspi, who studied medicine, and passed the examination for the M. D. degree.

A sane woman has just been released from an insane asylum in Buffalo, where she was incarcerated by her husband. These insane asylums are getting to be a little too handy.

"Ah!" moaned a widow, recently bereaved, "what a misfortune! I know what kind of a husband I have lost, but how can I know what kind of a husband his successor will be?"

"Yes," said the father, "I like my daughter to have a beau, on the score of economy. If she didn't, some of the other members of the family would occupy the parlor and burn gas."

A three-year-old discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard scratching. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."

"I wish I could settle this coffee," said an impatient traveler at a railway restaurant. "Try a broomstick," said a moody man with a scratched nose; "that is what everything is settled with at our house."

Tournures are made of steel hoops, covered with muslin flounces edged with lace, and are made of white, black or gray horsehair. They are are scarcely ever worn by any but tall and slender women.

A Hartwell, Ga., lady is a dreamer of the right sort. Twice she dreamed there was hidden treasure in a certain spot. She went to the place, and there she found a secret hoard of $800 in silver and gold.

Little Willie has been summarily corrected by his mother for repeated acts of naughtiness. The punishment being over, "Papa," he sobs, "how could you marry such an ill-tempered woman as mamma?"

A certain young lady boasts of having ten grown-up brothers to watch over her; but a certain other young lady prefers to have only one brother to watch over her—provided he is the brother of some other girl.

An Oswego young lady made seven hundred words of the letters contained in conservatory, while her mother wrestled with the week's washing unaided. Education is a great thing for those who seek it.

"Before I was married," said Mr. Wiggs, with a mournful wag of the head, "I used to think I'd like to be a great poet." "And what would you like to be now?" "Anything," he answered solemnly, "that could run a deal faster than a mad woman."

"Introduce me to your intended," said his friend. "She is not my intended; she is my wife." "Pshaw! you are hugging and kissing her almost in public." "Yes, but we've been married only a month, and I had forgotten that she was my wife."

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in labor, to rest each other in sorrow, to minister to each other in pain, to be with each other in silent memories at the moment of parting?

"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." "But if you knew she was in the habit of getting mad, why did you marry her?" "Because if I had held back, don't you see, she would have got madder than ever."

The fiat has gone forth in fashionable society that flowers may now be sent to the bride instead of more substantial wedding presents. The bridegrooms naturally dislike the arrangement, as it entirely upsets their plans for obtaining loans from their avuncular relative on the usual silver spoons and ice-pitchers.

"Ah, dearest!" sighed the young man, kneeling at the feet of his ownest own, "dost thou know what of all outward things is nearest my heart?" "Really, I can't say," she replied; "but if you have any regard for your health in this changeable weather, I should say it was a flannel shirt." She was by far too practical, and it broke the engagement.

A bear broke into the house of a Nevada man the other night. He was away, and his wife thought it was he coming home drunk. She didn't stop to light a lamp, but began operations. When the bear finally got away he didn't stop running until he had traveled eleven miles into the heart of the mountains, and he was such a sight that other bears couldn't bear him.

A charming finish for the neck of dresses consists of a bias velvet band of either red or blue, with one end lapped over the left side, and fastened at the throat by a buckle of silvered bronze or of beaten silver. Plaited white lace falls below the buckle as a cravat bow, and the whole may be worn with a military collar of embroidered linen, or with a puff or veil of crepe de lisse.

Let the idea be abandoned that a girl's education is to be completed before she is eighteen or twenty years of age; let the veneering process of fashionable schools and the methods of normal colleges give place to courses more simple and thorough, let woman have a chance to procure an education in the same manner that man can, and all complaints as to her health being injured will be heard no more.

News Notes.

Florida's largest potato weighs over 14 pounds.

Berlin, with 1,640,000 population, has only 45 places of worship.

Victor Hugo will not keep a plant or a bird as prisoner in his house.

It is said of Sir Stafford Northcotte that he has never made a personal enemy.

Washington Territory wants to come in as a State with a population of 125,000.

London ladies prefer little plain fur muffs that match the trimmings of the dress.

Russia is about to protect the Crimean coast and the whole Black Sea line with torpedoes.

There are more than thirty women in the ranks of female correspondents now at Washington.

Forty-two members of the next House of Representatives have pronounced for civil service reform.

Copper wires transmitting electricity of high electro-motive force become brittle after a while.

Many German girls, it is said, cultivate their hair for sale. Really fine hair fetches $6 an ounce.

Gov. Stephens, of Georgia, has pardoned 48 convicts within eight weeks, among them 12 murderers.

The Longfellow Memorial Association of Massachusetts has raised only $7,000 of the $100,000 wanted.

Nearly $14,000,000 worth of cattle are now grazing in what six years ago was Indian country in Texas.

On an average 100 persons are searched every night in Dublin, under the curfew clause of the repression act.

There were 3,153,186 legal voters who did not vote at the presidential election in 1880. About 9,000,000 did the voting.

Emily Faithful says that the American people accomplish more in five years than the English do in twenty-five.

A "Te Deum," for quartet, chorus and organ, composed by the wife of Maj. Gen. Hancock, has just been published.

Wm. Bender, of Louisville, Ky., while putting some staves to soak in a vat, fell in and was drowned in two feet of water.

Paris is having something novel in dancing this winter—nothing less than the resuscitation of the gavotte and the minuet.

John B. Gough, between his starting out in [illegible], and the close of his season May 1, [illegible], delivered [illegible] lectures to [illegible] people.

The Great Dismal Swamp in Virginia is passing away. Much of the area has been reclaimed and converted into good tillage land.

The stock of whisky now on hand is 80,000,000 gallons. Rye, corn and barley crops are uncertain, but the crop of whisky never fails.

Neither Wolseley nor Seymour has a son to keep alive the peerage each has won. The Admiral is unmarried, and Sir Garnet has only a daughter.

Jay Gould testifies that he has under his control 10,000 miles of railroads, and that he has as grants to these roads [illegible] acres of unoccupied lands.

The moonstruck inmates of the asylum on Ward's Island, New York, are about to begin the publication of a weekly newspaper called *The Moon*.

The soldiers of Fort Keogh, M. T., employ their spare time in buffalo hunting, and keep the post supplied with meat, to the exclusion of contractors.

The English soak maccaroni in milk for half an hour, and then stew it with cheese and butter for twenty minutes. The dressing for this dish is mustard.

Sir Hugh Allan leaves twelve children, and so his estate, when divided, will give them only a million each. This is one of the disadvantages of large families.

A New York roundsman is authority for the statement that thieves take their first step in crime by stealing potatoes from around the markets, to bake in bonfires which they build on the streets.

The drouth in northeastern New York is a serious matter to mill-owners, some of whom are using steam-power for the first time in twenty years, and to thousands of people whose wells have never failed before.

Newspaper enterprise has seldom gone farther than in the alleged case of a Reno reporter, who is said to have detained an overland train for about two hours, in order to have an interview with Mme. Nilsson.

In the number of letters sent in 1880, the leading States rank as follows: New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Michigan, Iowa, Indiana, Connecticut. New York sent 221,485,830.

A Poughkeepsie pastor has just resigned his charge by request of his parish, and among the charges that were made against him were these: He ate with his knife, and had been seen sitting on a sofa with his wife, both eating from the same banana.

* * *

SO PREVALENT AND SO FATAL HAS CONSUMPTION become, that it is now everywhere dreaded as the great scourge of humanity. And yet, in their formative stages, all Pulmonary Complaints may be readily removed and controlled by resorting promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant—a curative specially adapted to soothe and strengthen the Bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and loosen and remove all obstructions. It is a certain remedy for Asthma, and also for Coughs and Colds.

Just In Time.

BY G. D.

A SULTRY July day, with a blazing sun in a cloudless sky, that shone down pitilessly upon city streets and five-storied warehouses and tenements, while away at Roseglen the same July sunshine was deliciously tempered by a westerly breeze that surged through the tree-tops, and made cool flickering shadows on the grass below.

An ideal summer day, in all its fervid splendor, and Mr. Harold North, lounging in a hammock stretched between two pear trees, thought he could not remember the time when he was so thoroughly contented with himself and life in general.

He was a stylish dashing fellow, who was always dressed as though for the occasion; with handsome, saucy blue eyes, and the most irresistible of blonde moustaches; and Bess Lawrence, sitting in a camp-chair not very far away from the crimson silk-knotted hammock, looked up, now and then, from her pretty fancy work, and, thought what a very superior young gentleman this charming new acquisition to Roseglen society was.

He was comparatively a stranger, having only been located at Roseglen since the middle of May—since the magnificent alterations and improvements at Judge Elberon's had been under way—but the recommendations from well-known business men as to Mr. North's undoubted ability, his introduction to several of the best citizens—Dr. Vanzant, and the Laverings, and Mr. Pellington, had at once made him at home among the cream of the Roseglen people, and he accepted the pleasant time laid out to him with cool equanimity, and divided his time very fairly, when his professional services as superintendent-architect did not call him away, between the pretty girls, who were all delighted with his presence.

But, of them all, Mr. Harold North admired Bess Lawrence the most, and it was not so very long before the other girls began to comprehend the fact that his attentions were not so fairly divided between them as formerly; and Bess herself, with a curious little thrill at her heart, thought what a very happy girl she was.

While Bert Nellis, who had been Bess's beau for years, since they had played marbles together in childhood, and shared their school-lunches, began to wonder whether or not it could really be true that this handsome city fellow had cut him out.

This especial July morning Mr. Nellis drove up to the Lawrence gate, and it certainly was not the pleasantest or most reassuring sight in the world to him when he saw the very "at home" look about Mr. North, or the charming contentment on Bess's pretty face, that flushed so charmingly at something Mr. North said, which he did not quite catch, as he came through the gate.

Nevertheless, as Bert Nellis was not the man to be cowed down by the presence of a rival, even if that rival were very undeniably handsome and himself only plain-looking, yet intelligent and gentlemanly, he advanced with leisurely promptness and nodded to Mr. North, and passed on directly to Bess, who laughed and flushed a little, and frowned a little more at his direct address.

"I won't detain you more than a minute or two, Bess.

"Mr. North will excuse you while I see you in the house a moment."

A half-insolent little sneer curled the blonde moustache, and Mr. North assured Miss Lawrence he hoped she would be so good as to keep Mr. Nellis strictly to his promise of a moment, and then Bess went into the parlor, followed by Mr. Nellis, very grave, very kind, very resolute.

"I came on a matter of importance, Bess" he said, as he drew out a chair for her.

"Sit down—it is too warm to exert any more strength than is necessary. Are you going to the lawn-party at Doctor Vanzant's to-night?"

"Is that the important matter?" Bess said, with a little chilling laugh. "Of course I am going. I never missed one of Mrs. Vanzant's lawn parties yet."

His face brightened.

"I was not sure you would go. Of course you will allow me to escort you, Bess?"

And then there came the sauciest look imaginable in her great dark eyes.

"'Of course!' I don't understand what you mean by that."

"Well, then, Bess, may I call for you?"

"No," she answered very pointedly; "you may not. I am going with Mr. North."

"Bess."

And then Mr. Nellis went up beside the chair against which Bess stood so pretty, and wilful, and self-possessed, and looked squarely in her dusky eyes.

"Well?" she asked defiantly, her attitude expressing her impatience of detention.

"Is it well, Bess? Mr. North is a stranger and I—well, you and I grew up together. Surely, I have the right he has not."

"No man has a right to dictate to me—please understand that," she flashed.

"And I would be the last man in the world to even wish to dictate to you, Bess, but, you are so changed since Harold North came, you are no more the same girl since he——"

Nellis hesitated, and looked wistfully at her.

"Well, since what?

"Have you anything else to say to me?"

Her eyes were beautiful in their impatience and girlish anger, and Bert Nellis remembered, with a pang of sharp regret, when they had looked at him with a very different expression in them, indeed.

"Yes, I have something more to say," he answered, impulsively, an unconscious authority in his tones that impressed Bess strongly and strangely, despite herself.

"And it is this, Bess.

"I offer myself to you here and now.

"I ask you to be my wife.

"I tell you formally what you have known for years—that I love you, and no one but you, and that the highest, the only happiness I shall ever know, will be in the possession of your love. What is my answer, Bess?"

His grave, ready words were not the less impassioned that they were so grave and prompt, and in her soul of souls Bess Lawrence knew the full value of the offering laid at her feet but a little cruel laugh preceded a more cruel answer.

"Oh, this is the important matter, is it, then?

"Well, the answer is easily given. I decline, with unspeakable thanks, for the honor done me.

"Will you excuse me now? Mr. North will think I am guilty of discourtesy, I fear."

Nellis's face flushed, and a fierce little look reddened in his eyes, but he did not permit any further evidence of loss of self-control.

"At least you have given me a decisive answer.

"How it affects me I believe you know, and I know I have that rascal out yonder swinging in the hammock when he'd better be at work, to thank for this.

"All right, Bess, I'll never trouble you again."

And somehow, when Bess went back to Mr. North, she felt a little less triumphant than she imagined she should feel.

"So he's gone," he said, with a laugh, "and I am very glad of it, because every minute you spent with him inside, was a deliberate theft from me.

"To change the subject, Bess," and her pulses stirred warmly at the sweet, low, caressing tone his voice assumed, "I have brought you something especial to wear to the party to-night—that is, if you will."

And when he went away, an hour afterward, there was a beautiful sparkling diamond on Bess's finger, and she had promised to be Harold North's wife.

It was just eight o'clock of the self-same evening, and a heavy shower was threatening in the northwest, and Bess was wondering if it would interfere with the evening's pleasure, as she stood on the piazza, already dressed for the occasion.

She was looking remarkably pretty in her white dotted muslin and pale-pink ribbons, her dark eyes shining and her cheeks flushed with pleasant, girlish excitement, and the lady in shabby mourning who came somewhat hesitatingly up the street thought what a lovely, blooming young creature she was.

And then, as a sudden flash of lurid lightning cleft the cloud, accompanied by an almost simultaneous burst of thunder and a deluging rain, she instinctively ran inside the gate of the Lawrences' front yard, in response to Bess's friendly call for her to seek shelter.

"I am so obliged to you," she said, in sweet, cultured tones, as she threw back her little black tissue veil, showing a sad, pale face that looked as though it had been young and fresh and happy not so very long ago.

"There is nothing to be obliged for in the least, and you are more than welcome," Bess assured her cordially.

"I am on my way to Judge Elberon's place," she said, as she sat down beside the window, watching the storm from which Bess shrunk in fear.

"It is some distance beyond, is it not?"

"Almost a mile, I think.

"But the family are not there while the improvements are going on.

"Only Mr. North, the superintending architect, is at Elberon Place this summer."

"So I understood.

"It is Mr. North, my husband, I wish to see."

A vivid flash of lightning at the very instant covered Bess's sudden appalling agitation at the calm matter-of-fact announcement, and the simultaneous roar of thunder prevented the sound af the low, pained cry she gave.

"Your husband?" she said, a strange little gasp in her voice.

"Yes.

"Do you know him?

"Do you——" she paused suddenly, for the white look on Bess's face was too palpable not to be noticed, and then she continued, rapidly, agitatedly—"It cannot be possible he has been at his old trick of misrepresenting again?

"He is not—acquainted with you—particularly?"

There was infinite, patient pain and sympathy and grave indignation in her words as she rose and went up to Bess.

"He is your—husband?" Bess asked again in that strange, bewildered way.

"Yes—my husband these seven years, child.

"I have followed him here because for weeks he has sent me no money, and—and indeed, weak though it may be in me, I long to see him.

And, as if a fairy godmother had waved her magic wand over Bess, she was suddenly transformed into a very queen of womanly indignation.

"It is shameful, shameful! You shall see him—here, in this very room, before an hour passes by, and—and——"

Then she broke down, and convulsed with tears and mortification, and—yes—pain, she told the gentle, sweet-faced stranger the whole truth.

"I thank Heaven I came," she said solemnly.

"I have heard he was a villain, but I never knew it before. It hurts me, too, dear, but I thank Heaven He directed me here."

Half-an-hour afterwards, when the shower had passed over, and deep twilight followed at once, Mr. Harold North came dashing up to the front gate in a close carriage, and sprang gaily out, entering the house as though he had every right to.

"Are you ready, Bess darling? There's no time to lose. Ah, water-proofed and waiting, like a sensible girl."

And in his hurry he never noticed that he was unanswered by the slight, graceful figure who followed him promptly to the carriage and whom he tenderly assisted in.

"And now, just one kiss to reward me for my devotion, my sweet, before we get into the lighted streets. Lift your veil, Bess; let me have just one look, just one kiss, my darling."

And the veil was lifted, and an awful oath came rolling from his lips as he met the reproachful, indignant eyes of his outraged wife.

Nor did Mr. Harold North grace Mrs. Vanzant's lawn-party that night, or Roseglen society again during the two weeks he was obliged to remain at Elberon Place.

While, with a strange beauty shining out of her dark eyes, Bess Lawrence was the gayest of the gay that night, and when, once, Bert Nellis ventured to ask her where Mr. North was, she flashed him a look that was curiously encouraging even while it almost annihilated him.

"Mr. North.

"As if I knew where Mr. North was!

"I am not the gentleman's keeper, am I?"

"But—I thought you said——"

"And what if I did?

"Can't a person change their mind if they choose?

"Besides, Bertie," and a look of honest penitence was on her face, "I was too cross for anything this morning with you, wasn't I?"

Well Bert Nellis went home with Bess, and—oh, well, you may imagine the rest.

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ANCIENT BINS.—In ancient times, caves and natural excavations in the rocky masses of mountains were used for the storage of grain and vegetables. Varro, an old Roman writer describes them as existing in Thrace and Cappadocia. Wheat was preserved in them, he says, for half a century. In the grotto Ambrosia, beans were found well preserved after 120 years' storage. Long before this period Chinese writers described similar methods used among them for preserving wheat and rice. When being filled the sides of the cave are protected with straw, and, when full, a large stone, cemented with clay and covered with sods, protects the mouths. Grain from such receptacles has been found centuries later, well preserved and capable of reproduction.

◆

ATTACKED BY OSTRICHES.—Many persons have been set upon by ostriches when there was no shelter, not even a tree to run to. In such a case, if the pursued were acquainted with its tactics, he would lie down flat on the ground, where the bird finds it impossible to strike him. But even this is no light matter, for some ostriches in their rage at being baffled of their kick, will roll over their prostrate enemy, bellowing with fury and trampling upon him in the most contemptuous fashion. One man who thus attempted the lying-down plan found that every time he attempted to rise the bird would return and stand sentry over him, till at last, after creeping a distance he got out only by swimming a pound that bounded one side of the camp.

◆

STORIES OF FLOWERS.—Wild chicory has been made the subject of many legends especially in Germany, where it is known by several names, one of them being road-guardian. The popular explanation of the term is as follows: A young Princess whom her beloved spouse had abandoned declared that she would like to die, but yet she longed to see the loved one again; and the maidens who bore her company expressed a similar desire. Their wishes were realized. They were turned into flowers, white and blue, and stationed along the sides of roads, so as to be able to see the loved and lost Prince whenever he rode by. And since that time the plant has been called the guardian of roads.

◆

THE TALLOW TREE.—The tallow tree of China, which gives rise to a vast trade in the northern parts of that empire, has been introduced into India. Dr. Jameson prepared from the seed 100 lb. of tallow, and forwarded 50 lb. to the Punjab Railway, in order to have its properties tested as a lubricator for railway machinery. For burning, the tallow is excellent: it gives a clear, bright, inodorous flame, and is without smoke. The tree fruits abundantly in the plains, and grows with great rapidity, many trees raised from seeds introduced eight years ago being now six feet in circumference and three feet, from the ground.

◆

LIVING SPOTS.—The microscope reveals the fact that a little black speck of potato not the size of a pin's head contains about 200 ferocious animals of the beetle form and shape, biting and clawing each other most savagely.

◆

USEFUL PLANT.—A species of cactus is made useful in Florida. The strong fibre of its leaves is turned into rope, its juice into a pleasant beverage, and its trunk after the removal of the pitch, into pails.

Humorous.

A good old age—Marriage.

A lover of his race—The turfman.

Favorite jewelry for horsemen—Studs.

The man who lost his voice has lately found it.

A pair of slippers—The orange and banana skins.

Brokers are like razors. The sharper they are the easier you get shaved.

Wells' **"Rough on Corns."** 15c. Ask for it Complete, permanent cure, corns, warts, bunions!

"I'm laying down the law," as the fellow said when he floored a counsellor.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

Scandal, like a kite, to fly well, depends greatly on the length of the tale it has to carry.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1.

The postmaster of Bathurst, N. B., has the following notice posted up in his office: "All persons having no business in this office will please transact it and then leave."

◆

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

◆

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

◆

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on

THE GREAT CURE

FOR

RHEUMATISM

As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

11- Dry can be sent by mail.

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Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

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CURES

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

WHEELER & WILSON

MANUFACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES, Needles, Parts, Attachments, Sewing Machine Findings, etc.

LUFKIN BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

NATIONAL BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

YOU can have employment at home day-time or evening, whole time or spare moments, in a new business never advertised, and entirely free from anything of a "humbug" or "catch-penny" nature. The work is easily done at home, and no peddling or traveling necessary. Men and Women, Boys and Girls, anywhere can easily earn from [illegible] to $2 an hour, if they only know how and get started right. [illegible] we will reveal the SECRET and send you 15 SAMPLES FREE that will do to commence work on. Send 10c. [illegible] stamps for postage and packing.

Address plainly MASON & CO., Montpelier, Vermont.

Safe and Speedy Way to Fortune.

A FORTUNE FOR ONLY $2. For information & circulars sent free, write to

GEORGE LEE,

Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

The Biggest Thing Out Illustrated Book Sent Free.

(new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York.

40 HORSESHOE, HAND and BOQUET, CHROMO CARDS, Name on, 10 cents.

C. W. BROOKS, Jamaica, Vermont.

100 Scrap Pictures, (C) $10 bill (curiosity) and 15 money-making secrets for 10-cent stamps.

J. FAY, Montpelier, Vt.

50 Lovely Chromos, with name, 10c. 3 sets & premium 30c. New sample book 25c. Vann & Co. New Haven Ct.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Sardis, O., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

S. A. H.

Richland, Mo., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. G. R.

Palestine, Tex., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

M. J. H. L.

Abbeville, S. C., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed, I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. W. C.

Youngstown, N. Y., Dec. 4, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

E. D. B.

Stonewall, I. T., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

M. F. C.

Ellisville, Ill., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

E. D.

Lambertville, N. J., Dec. 8, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

I. N. L.

Kill Creek, Kan., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. W. W.

Evanston, Wyoming, Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. McC.

Inesuette, British Col., Nov. 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

I. B.

Colegrove, Pa., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

N. G. M.

Nevoda, Ill., Dec. 6, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

M. J. F.

Hamilton, Ill., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. D.

Conneaut, Pa., Dec. 7, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

D. R.

Madison, Ala., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

A. R. L.

Jackson, Mich., Dec. 7, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

H. H.

McFall, Mo., Dec. 5, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. B. E. L.

Facetiæ.

To keep apples from decaying, put them in a cool place—where there is a large family of children.

The Popular Science Monthly asks "What are crowds?" The science of love says the third party is a large crowd.

"It has always been my aim in life to imitate a good example," as the counterfeiter remarked while working on a set of dies.

A correspondent wants to know where the expression "let up" comes from. We believe it comes from the fellow who isn't on top in the fight.

When a man says he is satisfied with his lot, you may be sure of one of two things—either he is an unenterprising specimen of humanity, or he is lying.

An Iowa farmer bet a new hat that he could cross the railroad track before the train came up. He lost by ten feet. The distance was measured by his heirs.

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

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AGENTS WANTED

LADIES of the WHITE HOUSE
The ONLY Book of the kind ever pub'd
NEW EDITION. A HISTORY of every Administration from Washington to the present time, with over 20 Steel Portraits of Ladies of the White House, with views of many of the Homes of the Presidents. This is the most salable book published. Agents Wanted—Send for Circulars, with full particulars, to
BRADLEY & CO. 66 N. 4th St. PHILAD'A.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with **HEEL** and **TOE complete**, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.,** 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

$100 to $250 per month guaranteed sure; a positive success to Agents everywhere selling our new braided SILVER MOULD WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINE. Will last a lifetime and never rust. Pleases at sight. Everybody buys them. Samples *free*. Show to your friends and be convinced. Address GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philada., Pa.

A RICH NEW BOOK.
"CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE." Also "WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW." Most liberal terms to active agents. FIRESIDE PUB. CO., P. O. Box 61. 20 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.

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Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also 5½x12½ Oleograph 12 for 20cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth **$10 free.** Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. P'rtic'l'rs free C 4S 50 S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS can make money selling our Family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl Street, New York.

600 Ways to Get Rich. Agents wanted everywhere. Ladies or Gents. Write for particulars. Address E. G. Richards, Toledo, O.

DRY GOODS
BY MAIL!
Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock.
All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices.
Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.
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The New Improved
MONARCH LIGHTNING
SAW
Is the cheapest and best. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs *fast and easy.* *Sent on test trial.* Send postal for illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

CLEOPATRA'S SECRET.
Develops the Bust. Success guaranteed in every instance, or money refunded. Sealed particulars, 6c. Wilcox Chemical Co. 603 Spruce St., Philada., Pa.

$6.25 for 39 cts.
Any one sending me 39 cents and the addresses of 10 acquaintances will receive by return mail goods (not recipes) that nets $6.25. This is an honest offer to introduce staple goods. If you want a fortune, act now. J. D. HENRY, P. O. Box 127, BUFFALO, N. Y.

BEST CARDS SOLD! All new: 50 Large, Perfect Chromos, name on, 10c. Beautiful designs of Art. Satisfaction Sure. Elegant Album of Samples, with Mammoth Illustrated Premium List, 25c. Good Work. Prompt Returns. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of
SKIN DISEASES,
ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,
Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for
Kidney and Bladder Complaints
Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
FEVER AND AGUE.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhoea, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.
For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.
Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
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READ "FALSE AND TRUE."
Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.
Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

LODER'S
DIGESTIVE
POWDER
Sure Cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Fetid or Foul Breath, Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilious Vomiting, Vertigo, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence with frequent Belching of Wind, Oppression after Eating, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, and all ills which drive many to despair, arising from Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

The action of these Powders is directly upon the food during the process of digestion, absorbing gases, neutralizing acid, and correcting acid secretions, promoting digestion, improving the appetite, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

PRICE, 50 CENTS AND $1.

By sending the amount in stamps, will be mailed to any part of the city or country. Sole depot—
C. A. LODER, Apothecary,
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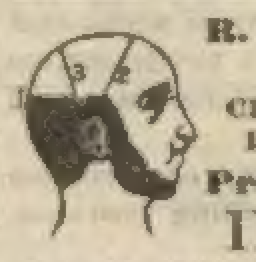

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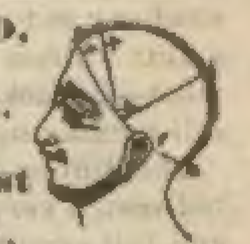

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organina Co., Philada., Pa.

WE WILL SEND WITHOUT CHARGE
Samples of Knitting Silk. A 32-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Babies' Caps, Laces, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.
THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,
238 Market St., Phila., or, 469 Broadway, N. Y.
☞ *Send for circular about Waste Embroidery, 40c. per oz.*

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and P. O. office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on **Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.** OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83. P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

YOUR NAME Printed on 50 Extra Large Chromos in nine colors, are found. French and Swiss florals, remembrance & Good Luck, German, Floral, Motto, and Verse Cards. Name in fancy script type, 10c, 14 packs $1. ☞ Our Beautiful bound Book of 100 styles for 1883, 25c. Reduced Price List with each order. Illustrated premium List, &c. Address, **S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Conn.**

YOUR NAME In Elegant Script Type, on 50 beautiful imported chromo cards, 10c. 14 pks. $1. 20 pearl bevel gilt edged cards with lapped corners, 10c. Agents' large album containing all the latest styles of imported bevel edge and satin fringe cards, with illustrated premium list & private terms to agents, 25c. CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn. CARDS

DON'T FORGET Where to Send for 50 very best **NEW CARDS,** just issued for **1883,** for **10c.** 13 packs $1. All Chromos, The loveliest fancy designs ever seen. To excel in quality is our aim. Name in new style type. Sample Book of all styles, **Bevel Edge Imported** Holiday and Birthday Cards, **with 24 page Illustrated** Premium List, 25c. Outfit 10c. E. F. EATON & CO. Northford, Conn.

$1.65 **BUYS** an Imported Key Wind Watch.—$3.15 **BUYS** an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Coin Nickel Cases, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,
21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

Splendid 50 latest style chromo Cards, name 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, Fair Haven, Ct.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Two Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. *Illustrated Catalogue free!* J. Dietz, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

50 Chromo or 40 Transparent cards with name and Handsome Present, 10c. Gem Card Co., E. River, Ct.

30 Gilt Edge Cards, with name and elegant case, 10 cents. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

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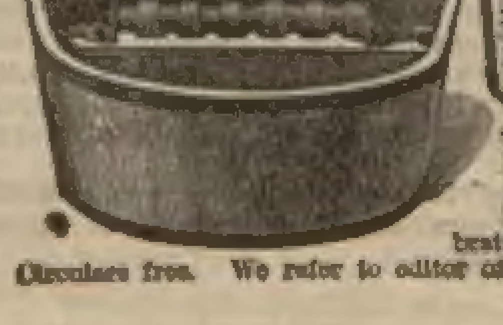

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

NO toilet is capable of being made more elegant than a dinner-dress. Elegance, indeed, is the essential, the all-important feature of such a costume.

Other costumes may be successful if they can justly be called tasteful, pretty, rich, graceful; but a dinner-dress, if it is not elegant, is nothing.

It must be dressy in effect, of course, and yet that unwritten code of things to be done and things to be left undone which sways so mightily that composite body called society, orders—in its subtle way of drawing lines where the demarcation is so shadowy as to be more felt than seen—that a dinner-dress must not look too dressy, too what—for lack of a better term—we will call "gotten-up."

The dinner-dress is a cross, a compromise between a very elegant visiting costume, and full evening dress.

We have said that its chief characteristic was elegance.

This elegance is obtained by having rich materials, and rather simple lines for the toilet; the desired amount of "dressiness" is furnished by handsome lace and natural flowers, and jewels, costly, when that is possible, but not too many in number; and the certain reserve and restraint ordered by the cannons of "good form," and which keep the dinner dress on the hither side of full evening toilet, prescribe, as a rule, dark colors, or rich medium shades.

In England, until no very remote date, it was customary for ladies to wear low-necked bodices at all ceremonious dinners.

This with jewels, flowers, laces and light colors, rendered the dinner dress in no way distinct from a ball dress. Now, this is changed.

A woman would not think of dressing in this manner for a grand dinner party unless she were going to the opera or a ball afterward.

The toilet wore at present is that practically known as reception dress.

The bodice is cut square at the neck, with real lace, point, Alencon, point a l'aignille, Duchess, run along the edge; the sleeves, of the material, or of lace, end at the elbow; there they are met by long tan-colored Suede gloves, which fashion now decrees shall fit rather loosely over the hand as well as over the arm.

On the left side of the square openings of the waist a large bouquet, generally of roses, is placed; natural roses are best, but artificial ones of fine satin are a very good substitute.

Around the throat a black velvet band is worn with a diamond cross, or pendent of some sort, or a handsome pin of diamonds holds the lace together at the throat.

Women who are not possessed of diamonds make some other very handsome bar-pin do.

Or they tie the black velvet in a small knot in front, without ornament.

The fact is that diamonds having grown to be such a common extravagance nowadays, women moving in society who have absolutely none being rather the exception than the rule, and inferior sorts of jewelry, such as cameos, corals, gold ornaments and the like, having gone completely out of fashion, that most persons of taste avoid jewels altogether, unless they have something which, as women put it, is "handsome enough to wear."

Although this dropping out of favor of everything, in the way of jewelry, except costly stones, doubtless has the unfortunate effect of making many women buy diamonds who can really not afford to do so—and looked upon in this light this fashion is certainly to be regretted—it has, from an æsthetic standpoint, an immense advantage, for it prevents the wearing of ordinary jewelry, which, of all common things, is certainly the commonest.

But this is a digression.

To return to dinner-dresses, we shall note, in passing, that low slippers of satin, either black or matching the toilet, but generally the former, are worn, and handsome dark silk stockings.

Black satin slippers are still to be seen embroidered in jet on the top.

Kid slippers with one strap to fasten over the instep can also be recommended, and the effort now being made to introduce mordore kid shoes and slippers again will if successful, furnish a very charming chaussure for dinner-dress.

The fan is dark; if it matches the dress in color so much the better.

The favorite fans just now are of feathers some smooth, some downy, and as light as a fluff.

The smooth feathers are sometimes painted.

The mounting is very frequently tortoise shell.

Silk and satin fans, embroidered, or painted, are still very popular also, and a decidely new style is kid for the top of the fan.

This is painted, likewise, and the effect is rather pleasing from its utter novelty. Very large fans are carried very little at present; the medium sizes are sold almost exclusively, and certainly should be chosen in preference for a dinner, where a very large fan might be decidedly in the way.

As an illustration of what may be considered an appropriate dress for dinners of ceremony, the following toilets, seen this season, may be mentioned:

A dress of heavy black faille; long, rather square, train; front of black tulle embroidered in large sunflowers, with jet bugles; Chantilly flounces draped in panels; faille basque pointed in front, trimmed in the back with lace and bows of ribbon; square neck; sleeves of black-beaded tulle; bouquet of Marechal Niel and Bon Silene roses, held by a diamond crescent; black velvet at the throat and diamond pendent; toilet of terra cotta satin covered with a network of terra chenille, in the meshes of which hang long, glistening terra cotta ornaments; pointed plastron of the same trimming on the basque; elbow sleeves; terra cotta gloves; bouquet of Catherine Mermet roses; diamond pin and cross; diamond star in the hair; myrtle green brocaded velvet; long train; front of satin embroidered in silver; basque cut out in turret shape along the edge; trimmed in the back; elbow sleeves; tan-colored undressed kid gloves, diamond butterfly in the hair; diamonds and emeralds at the neck.

These dresses are characteristic.

Simpler ones are worn; but all have more or less the same general features. Young ladies wear somewhat higher colors for dinner parties, and altogether a less severe and ponderous style of dress, as is right and proper that they should. They need no jewels.

Most American girls, alas, will not be convinced of the fact.

Plenty of natural flowers, some pretty lace at the throat, and in the elbow sleeves, a graceful demi-toilettes, in short, is what they require.

A charming French fashion for dinner-dresses for young women, married or unmarried, consists in a skirt of short white mull or gauze covered with flounces of lace or embroidery and worn with a basque; paniers and drapery of colored velvet or brocade.

Soft, white cashmere in some of the many new shades of pale blue, grey, old green, heliotrope makes delightful dinner-dresses of a more inexpensive kind for young girls.

Embroidery trims such costumes especially well.

It is generally put on in broad flounces up the front.

Then there are the rich but simple toilets of plain faille that can be worn, of some pale shade becoming to a youthful face. For small dinners without ceremony, a nice black silk, with the bodice half-opened, and a good deal of lace about it, is always appropriate, and the safest thing that can be worn.

A dressy visiting costume also answers every purpose.

The chief thing is always to have the neck tastefully dressed, that giving at once a brighter look to the whole toilet, besides being of the first importance from the point of view of becomingness.

Of course, all the accessories must be dainty, the shoes or slippers, or fine kid boots, the plain fan, the sheer cambric handkerchief, etc.

Then the coiffure is another most important detail.

Although young ladies, and many married ladies, too, are still wearing their hair in the small bow knot on the nape of the neck, a somewhat more elaborate coiffure is favored in many instances for the opera and for dinner and evening dress.

Fireside Chat.

DRAWING ROOM AMUSEMENTS.

AT this present season of the year—when bright faces are gathered round every fireside throughout the length and breadth of the land, when the log burns and crackles on the hearth, and the lamp throws a subdued light on the family circle, then it is that everyone draws upon some popular amusement that all can take part in.

Young girls in their teens are usually the promoters and introducers of home amusements.

The elder sisters and cousins are always eager to clear the drawing-room for a dance, whether before or after their dinner.

They merrily join in any amusement going on, but they are not the ones to start it—they cannot get beyond a dance.

Boys, as a rule, from ten to seventeen prefer any fun to that of dancing.

"There is no fun in that," they exclaim, when it is proposed by their elder sisters; "Let's do something jolly, let's play at something;" and then one of the girls remembers something that she has seen somewhere, or read about in some paper.

Among the most ambitious of fireside amusements is perhaps "Thought reading" or "Willing," which is certainly more popular than ever; but as the game was minutely described in our Christmas number of last year, we can but refer our readers to that paper for the details of the manner in which it is played.

"Dumb charades" give great amusement when well acted; but they are more suited to the capacities of grown-up people than of children.

They are, as their name implies, a sort of pantomime action without speech.

These charades require well-chosen words that admit of extravagant interpretation in gestures.

Young gentlemen are the best actors in this kind of charade.

Impromptu charades often afford more amusement than those which have been previously learnt by heart and rehearsed; these latter have the fault of being frequently too long and tedious, and thus miss their point—that of amusing the company.

And there is less pretension, expectation, and more genuine fun from impromptu charades which can be acted without any dressing-up whatever, with great saving of time and trouble to the performers, while the audience is spared intervals of waiting.

The old-fashioned game of "Proverbs" is always welcome in a family circle, especially when the questioner has plenty of ready wit at command, so as to put questions of so original a character as to render the answer containing the word of the proverb laughable, by reason of being so farfetched.

"Acting Verbs" is also an amusing game.

The actors leave the drawing-room, and on their return, being told a word that rhymes with the verb chosen, they act it in dumb show.

If the first guess is not successful, it is received with hisses, and, if correct, with applause; thus if the verb chosen was "to sing," they would be told it rhymed with "ring."

"The Magic Answer" is a game much liked; there are two ways of playing it, and it requires two confederates; one leaves the room, and the company decide upon the name of any person they please; on being recalled, the other confederate puts the question, and says "Is it So-and so?" naming a different person each time.

The answer is "No" until the right person has been named, when it is "Yes."

The simple trick consists in always naming a person with white hair before the name of the person agreed upon.

The correct answer creates much surprise as to how it has been arrived at.

Some young people find amusement in games in which pencil and paper are required, such as "skeleton letters," letters written without adjectives by a clever member of the party, an adjective being afterwards supplied by each of the company in turn.

When a letter is completed it is read aloud, and never fails to provoke much merriment.

Another form of letter-writing is to distribute a number of slips of paper to the company, who each write a paragraph, folded down, and pass it on to their neighbor, who also writes and passes it on.

When the papers are filled up, and the letters finished, they are unfolded and read out.

"Confidences" is a capital game in its way.

One lady whispers a remark to her neighbor about someone present; she would say, perhaps, "Young Mr. Jones was coming from a party last night and lost his way in fog, and had to leave his cab and walk home with two boys carrying torches;" and this is whispered hurriedly from person to person round the circle, and the amusing part of it is to discover how the story has become altered by being passed on in this manner.

Many games are played entirely for the amusement of children, and only joined in by the elders with that object.

It is not always easy at the moment to hit upon something to please children other than romping games, such as "Post," "Blind Man's Buff," "Puss in the Corner," "Hide and Seek," "Magic Music," "Oranges and Lemons," "Throwing the Handkerchief," etc."

But these games, although very well for the nursery or for the play-room on a wet day, or for the garden on a summer's day, occasion a good deal of noise when played in a drawing-room. Children are apt to become rough and quarrelsome when these boisterous games are indulged in for any length of time, and parents generally prefer to see their children amused and interested in a quieter way.

The plan is to fix a linen sheet across the room, and to place a lamp on the floor behind it; the actors dance and perform a sort of pantomime with much gesticulation and many quaint antics, and the shadows thus formed on the sheet are a source of great delight to the young spectators.

Correspondence.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

CHARLES, (Bradford, Pa.)—The star seen by the Wise Men rose in the East; Jerusalem is also in the East. Hence churches point eastward; and at the east end is the communion-table, or altar.

KULAN, (Norfolk, Va.)—You must let Nature take her course. The "forcing process" is a delusion and a snare; rid your mind of it, and reflect that sense from a chin that's bare is preferable to nonsense throned in whiskered hair.

NAIL, (Medina, O.)—The Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, in Great Britain, is an office under the Crown which is given to vacate a seat. The member applies for it through the "whip" of his party, and thus he retires. A member cannot resign in any other way.

BENIGHTED, (Johnson, Ia.)—A very benighted question. We know nothing more of the phrase "professional beauty" than that it has been applied to the class of ladies who are perpetually being photographed, and who were some time ago, perhaps wholly without reason, alleged to take a royalty on the sale of their portraits, thus trading in their beauty. It is not worth a thought.

S. A. K., (Encinal, Tex.)—Jonathan Wild was once a living personage. He was born at Wolverhampton, England, and was the son of a carpenter. Employed for a time as a detective, he brought to the gallows as many as thirty-five highwaymen, twenty-two burglars, and ten returned convicts. He married six wives, and was himself executed at last at Tyburn for housebreaking in 1725.

ROMBO, (Allen, Ind.)—It is impossible to say what will "prevent hands from swelling and perspiring" without knowing the cause of those inconveniences, and this can be ascertained only by a medical man, who will examine into the particular case. Seek advice personally. It may be that the trouble is purely constitutional, and of such a nature as not to admit of a remedy, or there may be a removable cause for the evil. Take the proper and only means to secure any really useful advice.

LUX, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We do not know the formula for luminous paint. The luminous substances have been known for many years. Towards the seventeenth century the luminous property of barium sulphide was discovered at Bologna, and the substance was known as phosphorus, or Bolognian phosphorus, to distinguish it from the element phosphorus discovered shortly afterwards. Strontium and calcium sulphides have similar properties, and the tint of the light given out may be modified by various treatments.

B. R., (Pittsburg, Pa.)—It is by the Newtonian theory that our present astronomers calculate the rising, setting, and occultations of planets, the rotation and reappearance of eccentric bodies, such as comets, the length of day and night, the rising of tides, and the eclipses of both sun and moon. All these depend upon absolute and certain science, and must be true. Amongst scientific men of the present day the exact form of the earth is just one of the questions of the greatest interest. Rotund it is, but we have no proof of its perfect rotundity.

READER, (Sheldon, Ga.)—Arabi (pronounced A-rabbee) Pasha is the son of the sheikh of a village in the Delta. He claims to be a lineal descendant of the Prophet, through his daughter Fatima, and was born in 1839. Studying for a time at the El Azhar University, he did not complete his full course, but through his father was enabled to enter the military school at Cairo. This establishment, after four years' study, he left with the rank of lieutenant. Though religious he is not fanatical, and is said to be mild in disposition and truly humane. He says little and thinks twice before he speaks, and in manner is dignified and earnest. His late mission, according to himself, was to secure good government and fair dealing for his country. His mode of life was most simple, though he is said to have accumulated considerable wealth. He has two brothers in the army.

DEJECTED, (La Flore, Mass.)—"At the moated grange" (Measure for Measure, act iii, sc. 1.) According to Hunter's New Illustrations of Shakspeare, granges were the chief farm-houses of wealthy proprietors. The religious houses had granges on most of their estates. The officer who resided in them was called the grangiarius. He superintended the farm, and at the grange the produce was laid up. The grange in Shakspeare was moated, therefore of some importance. This was occasionally done for defence. They were well-built stone houses, often of considerable extent and height, and being placed in a central position to a large estate, they must often have been, as in the case of Shakspeare's grange, solitary, while, the windows being small, as they were in all the edifices of that age, they would be gloomy also—fit scene for the moaning Mariana.

DESPONDENT, (La Crosse, Wis.)—Either the engagement still holds good or it does not. If the latter is the fact then you may accept the new attentions that are being offered to you; if, however, the promise is still binding, then you are acting dishonorably. The same old song which tells us that "'tis good to be merry and wise, 'tis good to be tender and true" also tells us that "'tis well to be off wi' the auld love before one is on wi' the new," and the advice is both sensible and shrewd. Follow it, and you will save yourself a great deal of anxiety and trouble, and much self-reproach later on. If you are not free and desire release, why not write to that effect? Be honest and straightforward; avoid, too, all self-deception. There are few things more estimable than firmness and decision of character. Know your own mind and stick to it. Truth and fidelity are the most sacred endowments of both man and woman.

MUSIC, (Boyle, Ky.)—The bagpipe is believed to have been the basis of the organ—indeed, in its early form, the organ was simply the bagpipe put into a mechanical form and provided with a keyboard. This instrument was familiar to the Hebrews and Greeks, and was once common enough over nearly the whole of Europe. It is still to be met with in many parts of the Continent, and the islands adjacent, not except Ireland, where it appeared to have reached as high a pitch of perfection as it is possible for it to attain. The Irish instrument has several keys, as the necessary wind is supplied by means of a bellows under the arm. Played by themselves, or accompanied by a flute or a cornet, the pipes will give almost as sweet music as anyone could desire. The Scotch instrument, as you must be aware, has a leathern bag, which the player fills with air by means of a tube held in his mouth. The music proceeds from several pipes, the mouths of which are inserted in the bag, and the wind is expelled by pressing the bag under the arm.